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## FOREWORD

The purpose of this little book, which owes its inspiration primarily to Professor Catlin, is a simple one. The war draws to its close in a welter of terror and agony for millions. While humanity so suffers, voices are raised—in Christian England, in Socialist Russia as well as in Nazi Germany—to preach a hatred which is as corrupting and in the end as fatal to its begetters as to its recipients. These pages tell another story. They show that even amidst the illimitable degradation of modern warfare men of all nations can be decent and merciful to those who, at the very moment, are their mortal enemies.

It is not easy, as one looks into the future, to feel hope. German aggression is, in historical perspective, temporary: aggression has been perpetual: but the world's rulers, obsessed with the smaller problem, merely trifle with the larger, which includes it. Some of them—and here, happily, we are among the least offenders—refuse to forgo, in any genuine sense, even the smallest fraction of that collective egoism which is called national sovereignty: and few of them seem concerned, if practical policies and not words are the criterion, with that other essential for a firmly based peace, the organising, by the co-operation of all nations without exception, of happiness and plenty for the common people everywhere. Saying endlessly that if, but only if, the Big Three remain united there will be no more war, they are not prepared to make the changes *in their own countries* without which durable unity is all but impossible; and relying on what is, in spite of all disguises, a Holy Alliance, inconsistent with the liberty of smaller Powers and inimical to the development of democracy between nations, they are deaf to the lesson of history that, in a changing world, no alliance outlives the circumstances that created it. They reaffirm the Atlantic Charter, and transgress it in the same document. As for the treatment of Germany, there is a grave danger that it may fail to deal finally and effectively with the nightmare of totalitarianism, which can be eliminated only by the fostering of a vital and militant demo-

cracy; and that it will flout the teaching of religion, that mercy is better than vengeance: of psychology, that you cure by freeing and not by enslaving: and of political experience, that to annex great territories of a defeated enemy is the surest way of provoking another war. In general, meaningless phrases such as "peace-loving peoples"—as if the Almighty had fixed, once and for all, certain categories of humanity, to say nothing of the enigma that a country which changes sides is an aggressor one day and peace-loving the next—darken our knowledge of the dynamic processes which explain the history of men and nations, and excuse us from acting in the light of it: and both on the Right and on the Left word after word, democracy for instance, is used, not in the accepted sense, nor with some richer significance demanded by a deeper understanding, but merely to filch approval for policies more aptly to be described by the opposite. Our need—the world's need—is for public morality, for free and candid speech, and for the idealism which alone is realistic: but there are signs that once again, and just when fascism has shown us what a death they mean, we may consecrate power, hypocrisy and "realism."

No. Hope must come, if it is to come at all, from a faith—the faith that in every human being some goodness is latent, and that in the fulness of time—it may be after a few generations, it may be in ten thousand years—this goodness must surely issue in an international society worthy of our human dignity and pride. The few acts and thoughts recorded in this book, selected as they are from a much larger body of similar material and all relating to the present war, give some indication that such a faith is well founded: and it is hoped that they may have the effect, so urgently necessary at a time when we are closely threatened by cynicism and despair, of renewing that inner calm and trust which alone can give us power to be, in full self-consciousness, the active instruments of a divine purpose.

It is not the intention of this book, and let no one imagine that it is, to suggest that in the conduct of hostilities "there's nothing to choose between the two sides." Atrocity-mongering is the rule in every war, and the sober man will always discount a high percentage of official and unofficial propaganda. But

when the discount has been made, and when our own sins, also, have been taken into the reckoning, it still remains true that the whole *policy* of the Nazis has been, when it has suited them, one of a peculiarly cold-blooded barbarism, consistent with their philosophy: outraging, and unspeakably, the spirit and flesh of no one can say how many, they have carried the monstrous wickedness of war to its logical conclusion. So much, to me at least, seems certain. But that is not what the book is about: its theme is rather that, nevertheless, Germans—and Englishmen and Frenchmen and Russians, and the rest—can show themselves to be men and not brutes precisely at the moments when, were it not for the awful compulsion of the good instinct, brutality would be so much easier.

Nor is it in the least our purpose to suggest any particular approach, except in the broadest sense, to the problem of war as such. It is known, indeed, to many that Vera Brittain and I differ in our attitude to this question, so far at least as the present conflict is concerned: for the view I held in the terrible years when war was imminent, and when some of us were struggling to prevent it by an attempt to organise collective security, remains unchanged. But, deeper than this division, a faith unites us: the faith which answers with a calm and sure affirmative the ancient question "Are we not all?"—Germans and Englishmen, Gentiles and Jews—"Are we not all children of one Father? Has not one God created us?"

Poco MAESTRO

Es sucht der Bruder seine Brüder und kann er helfen hilft er gern

L. P. K. I.  
Acc. No.

BRITAIN

Brimpton, February 15th, 1945.

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## IN BATTLE

That I have seen colour, smelled dawn, heard music, tasted  
wine,  
Touched bodies—and learned that none, not one, of these things  
was mine,  
But all of them precious lendings from Thee, and all therefore  
divine:  
I thank Thee, Lord.

That I have misused and squandered this Thy trust, have taken  
Where I should wholly give, have let my mind be shaken  
By anger, sorrow, hatred, fear, have believed myself forsaken.  
Pardon me, Lord.

For laughter and courage, for beauty and kindness, for joy, for  
the boon of friends,  
For the power of thought, for silence, for all the wealth which Thy  
bounty spends,  
For the love in my heart, for the slow sure knowledge that Truth  
not ends—  
For the knowledge of Thee in all men and me, in all that be,  
I thank Thee, Lord.

Maurice Browne, *Prayer Before Battle*. (August 31st, 1939.)



I think Arnhem was the most glorious failure of the war. . . .  
But, like Gallipoli, this failure was so redeemed by heroism that  
it will be remembered when many an easy triumph is forgotten.  
The men of Arnhem, like the men of Anzac, achieved something  
more than success and won something greater than victory. . . .

I think the Germans came to admire the spirit of our men,  
and in spite of the terrible bitterness of the fighting there was  
some chivalry about it. Our main field dressing station fell into  
the German hands one day—it was only a few hundred yards  
down the road from where we were, and it was naturally rather  
awkward having the Germans so close, particularly as they  
parked a self-propelled gun just near it. We thought of launch-  
ing an attack to get it back again, but, as we heard the Germans  
were treating our wounded well, we decided it was best to leave



things as they were. So our doctors stayed in the field dressing station looking after our casualties, with the German doctors working beside them looking after the German casualties—all helping each other. Once the Germans said they might have to use the dressing station as a firing point unless we moved our front line 200 yards away from it. If we had, it would have put our front line just about at Division headquarters, so we had to refuse. Then there was the time when the Polish parachutists had just arrived to reinforce us. They saw the building standing there in the German lines with a gun beside it, and naturally began shooting it up: and there had to be all sorts of apologies and explanations that we had some new men in that sector of the line who hadn't learned the ropes yet. And then we began to run short of water at our advanced dressing station inside our own perimeter. Our General sent his Medical Officer down to Arnhem, under the cover of the Red Cross, to see the German Commander about it. The German Commander not only arranged for our Red Cross jeeps to go down to draw water from a well inside the German lines, but sent the Medical Officer back to us with a present of a bottle of brandy.

Alan Wood, who was *Daily Express* war correspondent in Normandy and at Arnhem, broadcasting in the B.B.C. Pacific Service on October 5th, 1944.

The amazing thing about the atrocities in this war is that there have been so few of them. On the Western Front there has been very little of the savagery which one reads about in the Balkans and in Russia. The most striking evidence of the innate decency of the common man lies in the surprising way in which, in the vast majority of cases, the average soldier does manage to keep the fine and almost illogical distinction between soldiering and murdering. In my own direct personal experience, admittedly very limited, I have come up against few instances where the Germans have not treated our prisoners according to the rules, and respected the Red Cross. I have seen much of the way in which human chivalry is kept alive amid all the sickening bestialities of war: though of course I have rarely been permitted to mention the chivalry when it was on the German side. (For instance, General Urquhart once told a Press conference how he sent a medical officer to see the German commander at Arnhem to ask if arrangements could be made to get water for our wounded. The German commander not only allowed our Red Cross men to draw water from a well inside the German lines, but sent the medical officer back to General

Urquhart with a present of a bottle of brandy. The censor present at the Press conference promptly banned any reference to the brandy, as it was something which showed a German in a good light.) And even if the censor does not object, the newspapers exert their right, under our system of a free Press, to suppress anything which contradicts their policy.

Alan Wood (see above). *Commonwealth Review*, March, 1945.

A flag of truce waving from the Italian positions around Hell-fire Pass has for a moment brought a flash of chivalry and mercy into this ruthless war of tanks and bombs and bayonets. The white flag gave immunity to an Italian medical officer bringing out five wounded Imperial airmen so that they could receive attention from the South Africans besieging the position. He passed unmolested through the lines—lines from which a few minutes before men had been sniping and shelling, aiming only to kill—and explained that the besieged Italians had no medical supplies with which to treat the wounded. It was therefore, he said, only humane that the airmen—crew of a British bomber that had crashed in the enemy's lines—should be brought out to their friends.

Then the Italian officer was sent back under a safe conduct with a large supply of surgical dressings for his own wounded.

*Daily Mail*, January 8th, 1942.

How her ship was sunk, experience of the Gestapo as a captive in a German raider, how she was marooned on a small tropical island, carol singing among the coral reefs and palms, rescue, a wonderful Christmas dinner of bread and cheese and hot coffee in the rescue ship—these are the things of which a young London woman tells in a letter home from Australia. She was one of the escorts who had accompanied children to Australia from this country for the Children's Overseas Reception Board, and was returning to Britain in the *Rangitane*. But within a few weeks she was to see Australia again, after some terrifying and exciting experiences; and in this letter to her mother she says:—

"Early one morning we were shelled by two enemy raiders at close range, a third standing by. The shells came straight into the cabins occupied by the 22 C.O.R.B. escorts, causing fire, gas, and complete destruction in a few seconds. We lost five escorts and a sixth died on the raider. The shelling ceased and

we were ordered to the boats. A great number were wounded, and even some of the dead were put into the lifeboats. Some boats sank, as they had been riddled with the shelling. Mine, with others, was ordered to the black raider, over whose side hung the German flag—red with a black swastika in the centre. The Germans were very gentle and kindly to the wounded and gave a helping hand to all, as even those who were not hurt were terribly dazed.

"We were given a cup of strong black coffee, and the German doctors started at once on the casualties. They were very fine surgeons, and their cases could not have had better attention. Fortunately, we had six C.O.R.B. nursing sisters with us, and they were all unhurt and therefore ready to help to nurse the wounded. Our quarters consisted of a central hatch, where two armed sentries were stationed, off which were four holds. Two were for the men, one for us, and the fourth was equipped with rough bunks for the wounded. Each hold had a dictaphone to record our remarks. Each hold was fitted with a trestle table and benches, lockers and a lavatory, and two enamel wash bowls. They were clean and freshly painted, and well lighted. A shaft occasionally brought us fresh air. We were each provided with a hammock, a clean towel and a cake of salt-water soap.

"On the evening of the third day, after having been ordered a fresh-water shower bath, we were told to pack as we were to be transferred to another boat—the third raider, where all the women would be together. We were taken up on deck and were examined and questioned by the Gestapo agent, and had our money and papers taken off us. On the third raider, the *Tokio Maru*, a German boat flying Japanese colours, but unarmed and evidently the supply ship, we were put four in a two-berth cabin, but were quite comfortable. After almost four weeks of aimless sailing, with food getting from scarce to desperate, the Germans were forced to land us, which they did on the Saturday morning before Christmas on the tiny desert island of Emirau, or Squally Island, which lies just below the Equator."

*The Times*, February 16th, 1941.

After shooting down a German into the sea off Malta, a Canadian Spitfire pilot made a gallant bid to save the life of his victim. Although if another enemy pilot had taken him by surprise he might have needed it himself, the Canadian dropped his dinghy into the water beside the German.

The pilot was Flt. Lieut. Henry William McLeod. "When

he hit the water I circled over him and he waved to me, apparently quite cheerfully," said McLeod, "so I dropped my dinghy for him to show that I had no hard feelings."

*Evening Standard*, November 14th, 1942.

The *Firby* (4,869 tons), owned by the Ropner Shipping Company, Limited, was sunk in the Atlantic. The master, Captain Prince, has informed the owners that he and the crew of 40 all got away and had landed safely. Four, however, had been injured by shells.

The chief officer, Mr. James Woodruff, stated that the crew, after taking to the boats, pulled alongside the German submarine, the commander of which was most considerate. Members of his crew handed nine loaves of black bread to the sunken ship's crew and three rolls of bandages for the injured men. Before they moved away the commander sent an S.O.S. to Mr. Churchill at the Admiralty giving the position where the sinking had occurred. After 13 hours in a heavy sea the men were rescued by a destroyer.

*The Times*, September 15th, 1939.

"A lot of the stuff you read about the Japs may be true, and yet all the ones I've met turn out to be only people—starting with Kobi Ishi, who was a fairly nice guy and just a pretty good diver. I competed against him in both the 1932 Olympiad in Los Angeles and in the 1936 one in Berlin. Happened to beat all the Japanese entries both times, and thought nothing of it until after I returned, this time from the Far East, and began reading they were supermen.

"Not long after the Olympics I heard Kobi Ishi had entered the Jap Air Force. After that I thought of them all as Kobi Ishi, a pretty good diver with some fair tricks and a toothy smile, but nothing you can't handle if you train for it. Maybe they're all fanatics, craving to die for the Emperor, but I remember a story the 19th told me in Australia.

"Six of our Fords were coming in over Rabaul to give the Japs a pasting when one lone Zero showed up. The six Fords were all brand-new E models, and the Japs had learned about them. The Fords continued in formation, but keeping their guns trained on the Zero. Now most fighter pilots, whether they're American, Jap or German, are nervous and quick like fox terriers. There's no gap between thinking and acting, so you can almost watch a fighter plane and read its pilot's mind.

That's how it was with this little Jap. He starts in, thinking here's a chance to pick up a Fort, and then suddenly he sees all those guns and thinks how sweet and cute his little almond-eyed geisha is back home, and how nice it would be to get back to her, so about half a mile away he pulls out in a turn, out of range, and continues parallel with the six Forts, thinking it over. Well, the little geisha finally wins out over the Emperor, because he doesn't go in, but he thumbs his nose at them in his way: flying alongside, with all of our gang watching, he starts doing Immelmann turns. It's a half-loop, which brings you out upside down only flying backwards, quickly followed by a half-roll, which turns you right side up again. And it's one of the hardest tricks in the book if done properly—beautiful flying, the boys said, and he kept doing it over and over, just out of range, as much as to say, 'Boys, I'm not coming in, but don't think I can't fly.' Kept it up for fifteen minutes in his latest-model supercharged Zero, and just as he flipped off into a cloud, our gang waved their applause for the flying circus, and he gave them the high sign back. To me he was Kobi Ishi. I'd like to meet him after the war."

*Queens Die Proudly* by W. L. White.  
(Hamish Hamilton, 1943.) Pp. 214-5.

About thirty yards away was a man swimming in the water, and every few seconds there came that forlorn, despairing shout. We lowered the boat: Massa buckled a revolver round his waist and soon they hauled the German into the boat. Martyn went to meet him as he came over the side. He scrambled over, dripping and breathless, and in an instant took me back to my days of Herbert Strang, *Chums* and the *Sphere* of the last war. For he said:—

"Kamerad."

Martyn looked very official.

"Take him for'ard," he said.

Three of the sailors good-naturedly tried to assist the exhausted man, but he thrust them off abruptly. I saw his chin go out and his shoulders back; he walked unsteadily by himself. I don't suppose it would have been any use trying to convince the poor devil that he looked like a perfect damn fool.

By this time more shouts had been heard and Massa had fished out another—a stout, thick-set man, who distinguished himself by shouting, "Come on, boys!" in strongly accented English. Anyway, he was the last. We cruised round, but could find no trace of other survivors.

The odd thing was that I could feel no trace of hatred for the two men. Martyn put me in charge of them, but apart from muttered grumbling by one or two of the ship's characters, the sailors all rallied with astonishing generosity. They gave the Germans dry clothes and the offer of their bunks.

The first German stripped in the crew's bathroom. He was shivering from cold and shock. Physically he was very fine, but he had an unfortunately Teutonic face. It was the face of all the young Germans in all the Hollywood films. The shape of the skull, the thick, loose lips, the pig eyes rather close together were all typical. I should not have been surprised had he talked with an American accent and suggested strolling off the set for lunch. Apart from these peculiarities, I can only remember that his underwear was some of the nastiest I have ever seen. I offered him a cigarette. He did not smoke. Some rum? No, he did not drink. I did this in deference to a principle that I might be striking a blow for peace in the next generation. My feeling was that I should not myself enjoy being machine-gunned in the water, nor left to drown slowly. At all events I was at pains to extend them a courtesy which it is not difficult to display to men you no longer fear. When the Germans were put ashore they thanked us for their treatment.

*One Eye on the Clock* by Geoffrey Willans. (Macmillan, 1943.) Pp. 82-83.

Four German airmen, the crew of the Heinkel bomber shot down off the Scottish coast yesterday, were picked up by a trawler and landed at a port on the east coast of Scotland. One of them, a photographer, was suffering from gunshot wounds in the mouth.

The trawler was fishing when the crew saw two British fighters attack the Heinkel, which was shot down in flames. The trawler made for the spot, where the Germans were found up to their knees in water in a collapsible rubber boat. The rescued men appeared overjoyed, and shook hands with the trawler's crew over and over again. One of them declared that war was "no good," and that there was only one man in Germany who was allowed to open his mouth. During the journey back to port the skipper discovered that one of the Germans had voluntarily picked up a shovel and was cheerfully assisting the stoker.

*The Times*, February 28th, 1940.

*Before Cherbourg, Sunday.*

What is probably the strangest episode in this battle for Cherbourg occurred here this morning.

Just as the final attack was about to begin, a motor cycle driven by a German and with a U.S. airman in the sidecar came through the battle lines, a white flag waving over it in the breeze.

Our advance patrols stopped it. They saw the airman was badly wounded in the left arm.

"I am a prisoner of war of the Germans," he told them. "This officer is a German Army doctor. I have come from the military hospital in Cherbourg under a safe conduct with the doctor to ask for blood plasma and more drugs to treat the wounded there."

They were taken to a command post, and the story was told again. A few minutes later they were being supplied with the necessary drugs by U.S. Army doctors.

Then they went back, the doctor and the wounded airman, back through the lines into the besieged city of Cherbourg.

*B.U.P. message, June 26th, 1944.*

"One of our own Hudsons was off Norway, and coming back home after its patrol, when three German fighters got after it. They had the hell of a fight. Our own rear-gunner shot the leading attacker down into the sea, and then the fight went on and on and on, until he had shot away all his own ammunition. . . .

"Not so funny. . . . Our Hudson took evasive action, dodging from side to side, the fight still going on, until the Huns in turn found that they had shot away all *their* ammunition. Nothing remained to do. Stalemate!

"Then the two remaining Huns came alongside, formed on the Hudson, flying wing-tip to wing-tip with it for a bit, then wagged their wings" [the international sign of greeting] "and went off home. . . ."

*R.A.F. Occasions* by H.G. (Cresset Press, 1941.) P. 274.

. . . From the following narrative it will be obvious that at any rate some of the German naval officers and men have not been corrupted by the Nazi policy of brutality, which in their torpedoing exploits they have been forced to carry out. Even in the midst of a war one must recognise gratefully the humanity shown to us survivors by the personnel of the German submarine which picked us up. I shall always feel grateful for it, even though I know that the German captain who was so courteous and humane in his treatment of us was also responsible for our plight. . . .

All day we saw the submarine moving around from place to place, and once we saw people being pulled on board by means of a lifeline. . . . The sun was low when a second submarine appeared, cruised around and then submerged. The sun set ; we began to dread a second night. Suddenly the first submarine turned and came straight towards us. German sailors threw us a lifeline, and we were all taken aboard. We could scarcely stand ; our legs were swollen and stiff from the sun and salt-water, and we were helped along the deck and down the conning tower by the U-boat commander and his men. I was taken to the officers' wardroom where, to my joy, I found Mary, who had been picked up five minutes before. Altogether, about 200 survivors had been picked up during the day from rafts, floating wood and suchlike, and put into our own lifeboats. When these were full, the remainder of the survivors, another 200 in all, had been taken on board the submarine before nightfall. It was interesting to note that more consideration was shown to the British than to the Italians.

The German officers took charge of our women (four in all). Our clothes were taken from us and dried, and we were given hot tea and coffee, black bread and butter, rusks and jam. We found it difficult to eat, but we drank everything we were offered. Four of our officers, who were in the worst condition, and we four women, remained in this cabin, which served as sleeping quarters for the German officers and as a dining saloon for the whole crew. The officers gave up their bunks to us, and many of the crew gave up theirs to our men and to the Italians, themselves sitting up all that night and Monday night, and snatching only a rest for themselves during the day. The Germans treated us with great kindness and respect the whole time ; they were really sorry for our plight. One brought us eau-de-cologne, another cold cream for our sunburn, which was really bad ; others gave us lemons from their own lockers, articles of clothing and tinned fruit. The commander was particularly charming and helpful ; he could scarcely have done more had he been entertaining us in peacetime. He and the captain spoke perfect English. I did not hear "Heil Hitler" once ; I saw no swastikas, and I saw only one photograph of Hitler, in a small recess. Cigarettes were given to our men, who were allowed to smoke on deck at any time, as the submarine had to stay on the surface because of the large number of people on board. We were given food and drinks three times daily, but some of us could only manage the fluids. . . .

One of the survivors was an Italian doctor, who had been among the prisoners of war ; he was allowed to treat the sick and



wounded irrespective of race, and he did so to the best of his ability, the Germans providing bandages, ointment, other necessities and tablets of opium. Our senior officer was Squadron-Leader Wells, who was consulted on all points. Although he had severe abdominal pain, and was severely sunburnt, he organised everything and never complained. His uniform had disappeared when he handed it over to be dried, and so, with only my thin silk dress tied around him, he moved from bridge to wardroom, and around the crowded decks, giving orders. . . .

The captain wirelessed for help; he could not remain on the surface indefinitely, and he was running a great risk on our behalf. An Italian submarine came and took off the Italian survivors, which made much more room. A reply to the signal was received from Vichy France, which promised to send a cruiser and two corvettes to a rendezvous named by them to take us, we thought, to Dakar. With this end in view, the submarine started to collect our lifeboats together by towing them in turn to the rendezvous. Altogether, there was a pack of several Axis submarines, of which ours seemed to be the leader, and the one which had actually torpedoed the ship. These submarines collected together fourteen lifeboats and kept watch over them, giving water and hot drinks to many. On Tuesday the captain told Squadron-Leader Wells that he wished to bring on board the women out of the boats he had contacted that day, as well as any men who were found to be in a bad condition; but that, as he could not take on any larger number, volunteers from the strongest of those already on the submarine must go into the boats in their stead. Squadron-Leader Wells called for volunteers, saying that he would himself go among the first. A dozen men soon responded, and they went up on the deck. The captain would not allow Squadron-Leader Wells to go, as he was obviously a sick man, and had not adequate clothing; and so he remained. . . .

Unfortunately, on Wednesday afternoon, the submarine was sighted on the surface by an Allied plané. Six bombs were dropped, and each was a very near miss. The submarine shivered and shook, and one end compartment was damaged. It was a dreadful sensation; we knew that one direct hit could send us to the bottom. The explosions through the water were tremendous. In this crisis the German captain decided, naturally, that he must submerge at once. As he could not do so with all of us on board, he was forced to put us off into the shark-infested water. He and his commandant were genuinely distressed. He took us until we were fairly close to one of our boats, and then

we found ourselves once more swimming for our lives. . . .

*Atlantic Torpedo* by Doris M. Hawkins. The record of 27 days in an open boat following a U-boat sinking, by the only woman survivor. (Gollancz, 1943.)

The exploit of three Air-Sea Rescue sergeants has become famous in a Service where bravery is accepted as a part of every man's normal make-up. They took a Walrus through mine-fields to rescue some Germans clinging to a raft in a very rough sea. The pilot was Sergeant Tom Fletcher, D.F.M., from Manchester; the front gunner Flight Sergeant Glew, D.F.M., from Washington, in Durham, and the rear-gunner Flight Sergeant Healey, D.F.M., from Watford. The three sergeants, between them, already had a record of some forty lives saved.

When they spotted the raft with the men clinging to it, Fletcher realised that the sea was too rough for the Walrus, once down on it, to hope to take-off again. But he did not hesitate to go down. His plan was to taxi all the way back to port. He dropped on the sea and sidled up to the raft, while Glew got ready with a boat-hook.

However, the Germans were desperate and filled with fear. Instead of making the boat-hook fast to the raft the nearest German clutched it and tried to get on board the Walrus. He was dragged into the rear hatch as the raft was swept by on the high-rising waves.

This selfish action left Fletcher with the difficult task, if he was to continue rescue operations, of turning round and taxiing back to the raft's fresh position. He managed to get round by skilful work at the controls, and next a rope was flung to the Germans to make fast. But they missed the snaking coil, and at that very moment a large wave lifted the Walrus and pitched it heavily on to the raft. One of the five Germans was injured seriously and two of them hurled into the dark waves. One of these managed to get his fingers to the rope and the other tried to grasp the Walrus's wing-float. Both were too weak to hold on. Another wave caught them and they were tossed aside by the force of water like two pieces of flotsam. But Healey had been working in the meantime to get one of the other Germans head first into the rear hatch. Just as he succeeded, the R.A.F. machine was brushed off the raft by another large wave.

Again Fletcher employed all his ingenuity as a pilot to taxi round and back to the raft, on which, as he drew close, there remained only one German. The Walrus smacked against the

raft, and at the moment of impact Glew, reaching out, hauled the last man aboard.

While all this was happening night had come down. Fletcher, reluctant to lose the three men who had been washed away, spent some time trying to find them, but it was time wasted. He at length started back with a smashed windscreen and a foot and a half of swilling seawater in his hull. The Germans lay prone, too exhausted to help, and Glew and Healey worked the pumps without aid. Next, the electrical equipment commenced sparking. Smoke rose from the radio. The Walrus began lagging. Fletcher, realising that their position was becoming graver with each passing minute, risked disaster and opened wide the throttle. The Walrus responded by racing across the surface of the sea in a series of drunken staggers. The water rushed into the hull, and Glew and Healey had to redouble their efforts.

But Fletcher kept on till he was spotted by a trawler, which guided him to port. Only when he stepped ashore did he realise that in his desperate race across the sea he had charged headlong through several minefields. But he had made the journey knowing that it was impossible, at any stage of the way, for him to get his overloaded craft airborne.

*Bombers Fly East* by Bruce Sanders.  
(Herbert Jenkins, 1943.) Pp. 126-7.

Pte. Clifford Elwood, of High Street, Nantyllyon, Bridgend, Glamorganshire, and Bugler Robert Hunt, of King Street, Mansfield Woodhouse, Nottinghamshire, both stretcher-bearers, were returning to their lines on the Arakan front with a casualty when they heard a rustling in the bushes and the click of a rifle-bolt.

Out into their path stepped a 6ft. Japanese with his rifle at the ready. He looked at the two men and the third man they carried on the stretcher, and then without a word or gesture dropped the muzzle of his rifle and stepped back into the jungle.

*Leicester Evening Mail*, May 19th, 1944.

Three wounded German airmen owe their lives to the gallantry of the second officer of a British merchant vessel which they had tried to bomb. When their aircraft was shot into the sea by the ship's gunners they scrambled on to a raft, and in a heavy swell the ship was manœuvred alongside and ropes were thrown to the men, but they were too badly injured to help themselves.

Though he knew the risk of being crushed against the ship's side, the second officer climbed down a ladder, jumped on to

the raft, and roped the three men so that they could be hoisted on board.

*The Times*, June 3rd, 1941.

An officer who took part in the fighting from Sidi Barrani to Benghazi stressed the fact that the Italians fought well and chivalrously. . . . "The regulars often held out unexpectedly until they knew it was hopeless. Then amazing scenes occurred as our cavalymen stepped out of their tanks. Fraternisation between the two forces was instantaneous, cigarettes were exchanged, and the greatest good humour prevailed."

Instances of Italian chivalry were many. On one occasion when a British colonel was captured he was allowed to write a letter which was at once taken back to our line and dropped by an Italian aeroplane.

Another instance occurred when a British airman crashed and got killed behind the Italian lines. They sent over another aeroplane with a message that he had been buried with full military honours, stating the place.

*Daily Mail*, March 9th, 1941.

Flying at 24,000 feet over the Channel off Shoreham, Sussex, yesterday, an 18-year-old Canadian Spitfire pilot shot a raider into the sea. Then he helped rescue the wounded German pilot. "I saw him inflate his dinghy," said the Canadian sergeant, "but he was too badly wounded to get into it. I circled over him until he was rescued by a naval launch which my companion and I in the Spitfire guided to the spot."

*Daily Herald*, September 3rd, 1942.

A U-boat commander whose torpedo killed three of the crew of an oil-tanker apologised to the survivors for having to do his duty, gave them supplies and towed their lifeboat towards the Azores until the tow-rope broke.

This story was told by Mr. Arthur Holland, of Killay, Swansea, who was on the tanker *British Fame*, which was sunk in the Atlantic in August, 1940. The commander asked the survivors to express his regrets to the families of the men killed. "There you are," he said. "It is your duty to bring petrol into your country and mine to stop it. It is your turn this time, perhaps it will be mine next."

*News Chronicle*, October 15th, 1940.

The Air Ministry made the following announcement yesterday : Shortly before midday to-day (Thursday) fighter aircraft of the Royal Air Force intercepted an enemy aircraft off the North-East Coast of Scotland and shot it down into the sea. . . . It was later learned how the R.A.F. Fighter Command pilots tried to save one of the crew of the German machine who had jumped by parachute. The enemy airman fell into the sea about 14 miles from land. The British pilots, circling above him in their Hurricanes, saw him remove his parachute and begin to swim. They reported the position by radio-telephone and a launch was immediately dispatched. Flying to and fro between the launch and the swimming German, they directed the rescue, but when the launch reached the enemy airman he was dead.

*The Times*, May 10th, 1940.

Lieutenant G. F. Barnes, a Londoner, drove into the German lines after a British infantry raid in the Medjez area and, helped by the Germans, evacuated a seriously wounded man and his two dead companions.

The raiding force had reached its objective and was about to withdraw with prisoners when the Germans suddenly counter-attacked. The action was seen by Lieutenant Barnes, a regimental medical officer, who was little over a mile away. He jumped into an ambulance and, flying the Red Cross pennant, made for the German positions.

He was about twenty yards from the enemy positions when the Germans beckoned to him to come behind their lines. A German officer approached and, after exchanging salutes, Lieutenant Barnes indicated that he wished to take back the crew of a knocked-out Bren-gun carrier.

The German officer ordered his men to place the members of the crew on stretchers and carry them to the ambulance. With the officer at the wheel, the ambulance was driven back a short distance and the wounded soldier, whose injuries included a broken leg, was attended to. The Germans showed a scrupulously correct attitude to the British Red Cross men.

Shortly before Lieutenant Barnes drove off on his errand of mercy the enemy had opened mortar fire on positions near the ambulance, which was standing head-on to the German lines. The Red Cross symbols on its sides could therefore not be seen and it was mistaken for a military vehicle. Another ambulance was placed in position where the Germans could see the symbols. The mortar fire ceased.—*Reuter*.

*Manchester Guardian*, April 3rd, 1943.  
(Despatch from the Northern Tunisian Front.)

In an account of the sinking of the *Vendio* by a German submarine on September 30th, the [Copenhagen] correspondent of *The Times* says: "The German submarine attacked the ship, but when he saw that six men were endeavouring to save themselves he ceased and went to their aid. They were taken on board, given brandy, and wrapped in blankets."

*The Times*, October 3rd, 1939.  
(From Copenhagen, October 2nd.)

This is how a Hurricane pilot who had run out of ammunition forced down a M.E.109 during Saturday's battle over Kent. . . . He gunned the German, feigned an attack, and eventually forced him to land in a field. Then he circled low and dropped a packet of cigarettes to the Nazi, who picked them up and waved acknowledgment.

*Daily Herald*, September 5th, 1941.

Four British officers who escaped from a Moroccan prison camp have now joined up with the U.S. troops in French Morocco.

They were in a British transport which was torpedoed on September 12. They are Wing-Commander J. Blackburn, Major Creedon, King's Own Royal Regiment, Flight-Lieut. Oliver, and Mr. Sims, an engineer of the Merchant Navy. The transport was torpedoed 700 miles south-west of Freetown, West Africa, while repatriating about 1,000 troops and 1,800 Italian prisoners. The rescued men, who included about 400 Italians, spent five days adrift in lifeboats, and were fed by Axis submarines—six German and one Italian—which kept them together by cruising on the surface.

The submarines supplied the survivors with hot food every day. "To our surprise they treated us very well," said Wing-Commander Blackburn. "They took about 50 women and children aboard the submarines and treated them with the greatest consideration."

On the sixth day a French cruiser and two destroyers, summoned by the submarines, appeared and brought the survivors to Casablanca, where they were interned. Two officers were kept as "token" prisoners.

Altogether about 600 British from the transport survived.

*News Chronicle*, November 16th, 1942.

Atrocity stories spring up in every other village. If anything tragic or cruel happens, the people say at once, "I Tedeschi"—the Germans.

In the desert we knew the Germans as correct soldiers, punctilious in the treatment of prisoners—especially the wounded. There were virtually no civilians and no cities. But now it is all changed, and the word German means horror and terror.

I have not reported one-tenth of the atrocity stories I have been told, partly because they were all much the same, but mostly because I had no means of checking them.

But now I think I have seen and heard enough to say that you cannot believe all the stories. There have been many frightful atrocities which are now fully documented. The results have been photographed by Army photographic units.

But at least half the stories are examples not so much of German cruelty, as of the fortune of war.

Alan Moorehead. (Despatch from Italy.)  
*Daily Express*, November 1st, 1943.

A young ambulance driver in North Africa was taking his load back to the Hospital base. He had to drive about ten miles over bad roads, and as he drove he was thinking of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra concerts and of all that music had meant to him. When he got to the base and began to unload the wounded, one of the young Germans was already dead, and as he moved the body a book fell from the pocket. He picked it up. It was *Introduction to Mozart*, and on the fly-leaf were two words written—Goethe's words—"Mehr Licht."

From an Opera Broadcast by Deems Taylor of the New York Metropolitan Opera Guild in May, 1943, and quoted in a letter from Lady (Dorothy) Mayer, May 28th, 1943.

## II

### RESPECT FOR THE ENEMY

Suddenly, like light in darkness, the real truth broke in upon me; the simple fact of Man, which I had forgotten, which had lain deep buried and out of sight; the idea of community, of unity. A dead man. Not a dead Frenchman. Not a dead German. A dead man.

All these corpses had been men; all these corpses had breathed as I breathed; had had a father, a mother, a woman whom they loved, a piece of land which was theirs, a face which expressed their joys and their sufferings, eyes which had known the light of day and the colour of the sky. At that moment of realisation I knew that I had been blind because I had not wished to see; it was then only that I realised, at last, that all these dead men, Frenchmen and Germans, were brothers, and I was the brother of them all.

Ernst Toller, *I Was a German*.



To-day Admiral of the Fleet Lord Keyes, whose son, Lt.-Col. Geoffrey Keyes, was killed in a raid on Rommel's headquarters in North Africa in 1941, said:

"I shall always regret that I never had the opportunity to thank Rommel for his generous behaviour to my son. Rommel paid my son a great honour. He went to kill Rommel and, although he failed in his mission, he killed four of the German Commander's staff officers.

"Rommel not only gave orders that my son be laid before the altar of an Italian church with the four officers, but also paid public tribute to his leadership and bravery, and accorded him a full military funeral."—*Reuter*.

*News Chronicle*, January 12th, 1945.

September 23rd, 1940.—Last night an old German acquaintance dropped in on me. He's in the Luftwaffe now, and for the last three weeks has been a member of the crew of a night bomber which has been working on London. He had some interesting details. . . .

My friend says quite frankly that they have the highest admira-



tion for their British adversaries—for their skill and their bravery. They're particularly fond of one British fighter pilot, he relates, who roars into a fight with a cigarette stuck at a smart angle between his lips. If this man is ever shot down on the German side, the German airmen have sworn to hide him and not to hand him over as a prisoner of war.

*Berlin Diary* by William Shirer.  
(Hamish Hamilton, 1941.)

At lunch an R.A.F. officer told us that one of his comrades, working out of Malta in a Beaufighter last night, bagged five Nazi planes in one sortie, perhaps a world's record. How nice these British are! The officer's comment was, "You know, we're so strong now, and they're so weak in the air, it isn't quite fair!"

*D. Day* by John Gunther.  
(Hamish Hamilton, 1944.) P. 70.

That fine and frank book, *Target Germany*, which tells of the deeds of the Eighth United States Army Air Force in its daylight bombing operations, pays tribute to the desperate courage of the German pilots, who come rushing in nose on through curtains of lead, closing to point-blank range, to try and tear up the Fortress formations.

Whether it is true that the *Scharnhorst* went down with colours flying I do not know; but it is in the manner of the German fighting man, and only those who have never met him in combat would think otherwise.

Major Oliver Stewart, in *Evening Standard*, December 29th, 1943.

A high tribute is paid to the discipline and steadfastness of the British soldier in a German Army Order recently captured. It is signed by von Zielberg, commander of the 65th Division, and urges on officers and their men the importance, when they are captured, of not revealing information likely to be useful to the enemy.

"I myself," he says, "have been a witness of the exemplary bearing of the well-trained British soldiers under examination. Even when threatened with death, they refused to give any information except their name and number and their unit, adding sometimes that no German soldiers in their position would answer

otherwise." The General says that officers must take care to instruct their men accordingly, owing to "regrettable cases which have recently occurred in other sectors."

*The Times*, December 14th, 1943.

*May 20th, 1940.*—We came to a terrific hole in the road. . . . The German officer explained that the French blew this one up. "French dynamite experts," he said. "At places they have done a beautiful job. . . . We lost little time," he added, "even though you have to admit the French did a good job of it here." His admiration for the French dynamiters was terrific.

*Berlin Diary* by William Shirer.  
(Hamish Hamilton, 1941.)

Heroic Greece receives many tributes from Compton Mackenzie in his new book, *Wind of Freedom*.

It was her epic resistance to the Germans after she had beaten the Italians that delayed for precious days Hitler's onslaught on the Soviet armies. But not only the Greek soldiers were magnificent. So was—and is—the populace.

In Athens, a dusty city, there have long been scores of young boys who dart out from under the tables in the restaurants and insist on polishing the boots of customers. Even from their mob there emerged a hero worthy of a place among those of ancient Greece. As British prisoners were being marched through the streets, a crowd encouraged them with cheers and the V-sign. Very angry, a Nazi officer ordered them away in vain—and then fired a revolver over their heads.

Suddenly, a youthful bootblack rushed forward and, baring his breast, shouted, "If you want to shoot, shoot here!"

The German officer put his revolver back in its holster, and—shook the boy's hand.

Hannen Swaffer, *Daily Herald*, July 6th, 1943.

Into the mess-room of a British fighter squadron behind the Maginot Line the other evening came a stranger, his eyes blinking at the light, a half-fearful look on his face. Shepherding him were two R.A.F. officers. "Here's the lad who fooled the lot of us," they said. The others led the stranger to the bar, shook his hand, and thumped his shoulders. "What's the German for 'What'll you have?'" asked one. Only a few hours earlier the stranger had been piloting a German Dornier

bomber which had crashed after a sporting fight. The R.A.F. men decided that they must have him to dine with them and they sat him at the right hand of the commanding officer.

*Daily Mail*, November 28th, 1939.

In a camp in Bavaria British officer prisoners are rehearsing the production of *The Mikado*. They have an orchestra of 72 performers and the cast with chorus is a pretty big one. The camp has two tennis courts and a football pitch.

These details were given me in a letter written considerably after the reprisals order was put into effect.

Commander Beattie failed to get away after the commando raid on St. Nazaire, and for his gallant conduct was awarded the V.C.

One morning a little later a special parade of all prisoners was ordered at which the camp commandant appeared in full dress uniform. Calling out Commander Beattie the commandant read out the official citation of the award and then saluted, joining in the cheers that broke out from the other British officers on parade.

A similar urge to honour gallantry which had cost the enemy dear was displayed only a few days later, this time at another prisoner-of-war camp. Here the commander ordered a special parade at which he read out the record of the award of the V.C. to Sergeant John Hinton, a New Zealander, who had fought in Greece, handed him the ribbon of the decoration and looked on sympathetically while the Sergeant was carried shoulder high around the camp.

*Yorkshire Post*, November 5th, 1942.  
(From an article by Sir Herbert Russell.)

Not a soldier entered the Catholic Church at Tobruk without taking off his hat, though the roof was open and six inches of water lay on the floor. On the pedestal of the Virgin Mary at right, every inch was covered with the scratched names and prayers of many soldiers, mostly Italians. Off left were the bell ropes of the three church bells, still undamaged, which every British soldier rang at least once before he left. In a Cyrenaican town farther west the British found an Italian priest who had stayed with his church through five occupations. He said: "All the colonists are gone, but the priest must never leave his church. Religion is above wars. There must be many Catholics among the British in the army and I can help them, too."

*Life*, December 21st, 1942.

The Germans never managed to cope with Hochwald. Twice they attempted to storm the infantry positions below the fort but made not an inch of progress. A few days later the French line was broken farther north near Sedan, and with this Hochwald became isolated. But the commandant, a Jewish banker from Strassburg, refused to capitulate. All approaches to the fort were cut off, but it was impossible to force capitulation. The commandant sent off a bevy of carrier-pigeons to ask for help, but the Armistice came that very day. The garrison in Hochwald refused to take the Armistice seriously, and when the Bordeaux Government sent a messenger with orders to cease fire his credentials were questioned. The cannons and machine-guns of Hochwald continued to work for another fortnight and the besieging German armies could do nothing. "Hochwald is a fortress which just can't be taken," explained our guide. Not until a fortnight later did the commandant feel convinced that France had lost the war. From the open armoured door there emerged to meet the Germans 1,400 despairing soldiers. Their faces were as white as sheets, for the army had been very sparing in granting leave during the last ten months, probably in view of morale, and perhaps not least from fear of spies and treachery. But there was a note of enthusiasm in the German officer's voice when he spoke of Hochwald's commanding officer, which impressed us all. For he gave a generous recognition of the Frenchman's courage when he said: "He was a real man—a hero."

*Signature Tune* by Sven Auren.  
(Hammond, 1943.) *Pp.* 125-6.

### III

#### HELPING THE WOUNDED

Often when warring for he wist not what,  
An enemy-soldier, passing by one weak,  
Has tendered water, wiped the burning cheek,  
And cooled the lips so black and clammed and hot;

Then gone his way, and maybe quite forgot  
The deed of grace amid the roar and reek;  
Yet larger vision than loud arms bespeak  
He there has reached, although he has known it not.

For natural mindsight, triumphing on the act  
Over the throes of artificial rage,  
Has thuswise muffled victory's peal of pride,  
Rended to ribands policy's specious page  
That deals but with evasion, code, and pact,  
And war's apology wholly stultified.

Thomas Hardy, *Moments of Vision*, 1915.



During the American assault on Attu Island, Dr. Cass Stimson and his medical assistants aboard a U.S. Navy supply ship pitched in to help the army with its wounded. As the red-crossed launches shuttled between shore and ship, Doc and McCroskey, his anæsthetist, battled to keep their operating table clear. On the deck, where wounded soldiers lay stoically waiting their turns, Chief Pharmacist's Mate Kovitz and Seaman Yeargin worked with plasma, morphine and the wondrous sulfas. After the desperate fight at Chichagof, the big operating lights burned all night.

Then, almost as startling as a torpedo hit, came Ito. As the stretcher-bearers laid him on the deck with our wounded, the whole ship tightened with surprise and resentment. Ito was no brother in arms; Ito was the Enemy! A contemptible buck-toothed Enemy who hated America and Americans. He was also filthy beyond description, and he stank with a pervading, suffocating stench that made you think of decaying rats. An A.A. gunner looked down from his platform and barked: "Hey, you dogfaces, throw that bastard over the side before he suffocates

us all!" A pint-sized infantryman with a bayonet slash in his hip jerked up on his elbow. "Gimme my trench knife," he yelled, "and I'll operate on the sonuvabitch!"

Holding your nose and looking into Ito's face, you could see that he was in mortal fear, yet determined not to show it. Before his capture, he and a companion had exhausted their ammunition in a foxhole, and each had held his last grenade against his stomach and pulled the pin. The other Jap's grenade went off, disembowelling him and shattering Ito's leg, but Ito's grenade was a dud. For days he had lain in his own blood and excrement, and now his leg was a greenish, muddy, bloody mass of gas gangrene. U.S. soldiers had found him still clutching his dud grenade.

Ito knew, of course, why the Americans hadn't bayoneted him. He had told an interpreter. They were bringing him to a special torture machine. They were going to slash off his ears, kick out his teeth, then cut him into a million pieces. Now he lay there on the deck, almost overcome by pain, yet determined to show these American barbarians how a Jap could die.

What in Heaven's name was to be done with him? Did Kovitz have the right to inject blood plasma, given freely by some American to save an American's life, into Ito's veins? Did Doc have the right to endanger himself by coming in contact with the highly infectious gas gangrene of this filthy enemy? Were we not in the business of *killing* Japs rather than *saving* them? Two nights before, the Japs had broken through our lines and massacred some of our unarmed medical corpsmen. Shouldn't we throw this stinking mess over the side?

But when Doc Stimson saw Ito he hesitated just long enough to ask: "Are any of our fellows waiting for the operating room?"

"We've caught up for the present, sir," Kovitz replied.

"Then bring him in," Doc ordered.

Off came Ito's filthy uniform and improvised bandages. On went the soapy water and antiseptic solutions. He was given blood plasma and a spinal anæsthesia. The Doc stepped up to amputate the gangrenous leg.

Until now Ito had remained sullen, contemptuous. But as Doc worked over him the small, slant eyes began to shift questioningly. The spinal anæsthesia had left him conscious, his mind active. His struggle was apparent. He had been certain that the Americans would torture him; now he resisted the thought that everything he had been taught was a lie. His lips quivered. Perspiration poured from his face. He groped for a word, finally found one: "A-mer-REEK-a! A-mer-REEK-a!"

As he tried to convince himself of an unbelievable discovery, tears streamed from his eyes. He grinned, nodded his head violently.

The operation lasted more than an hour. Doc worked carefully, halting every few minutes for McCroskey to douse his mask with a solution to keep him from being overcome by the stench. He gave Ito the fanciest amputation in the book—the type in which a flap of flesh is drawn over the end of the leg so that an artificial limb can be worn in comfort.

When they finally unfastened Ito's hands, he grabbed Doc by the arm, sobbed, and again cried, "A-mer-REEK-a." Then he folded his hands under his chin and tried to bow several times. Doc looked very tired, smiled at him, and said: "Take him away, boys. And get that leg over the side." Yeargin weighted the leg and heaved it overboard. Then he held to the rail and vomited.

When Ito was brought out of the operating room there was a muttering among our wounded and the men standing by.

"Doc should have cut that leg off right up to his chin!"

"I'll bet our fellows in the Philippines got that sort of treatment—yeah, like hell!"

But the muttering was not against Doc, for when he came out every well man on the deck straightened up to attention and felt sort of proud.

Ito was given the same care as our own men. By the fourth day he was trying to make friends with everybody on the ship, nodding and grinning at a great rate. The supply of chocolate, peanuts and cigarettes he collected was inexhaustible. Oranges sent him into a spasm of grinning and nodding.

His great disappointment came when he had to leave the ship. They were preparing to swing him over the side before he realised what was happening. Then he yelled for Doc. When Doc walked up beside the stretcher, Ito grabbed him around the legs, sobbing. He wanted to go to A-mer-REEK-a with Doc. Doc quieted him and sent him on his way to a base prison.

Afterwards I sat in Doc's cabin, and we talked about it. "If I had come upon Ito in that foxhole and had been armed," said Doc, "I probably would have bayoneted him. He might have had another grenade, you know. But the man who found him didn't bayonet him, probably because prisoners are often worth taking great risks for. In any event, when Ito reached the ship he was a human being in pain, as well as a prisoner of war with certain rights we respect, and the Medical Department of the Navy could do nothing less than give him the best we had."

"Did you do as careful a job on Ito as you would have done on an American?" I asked.

"Certainly," he answered. "There can be no degrees in a medical man's effort, once he has turned his hand toward saving a life. I couldn't have worked more carefully on the captain than I did on that Jap."

"Do you see any hope in Ito's reaction?" I asked.

He hesitated. "Yes," he replied slowly, "but only if we have a clear understanding of the experience. Our first consideration in handling Ito was military. A soldier risked his life to take Ito prisoner. My corpsmen and I risked infection to save him. We did this, first, because of Ito's possible military value. Then, since Ito's stinking body was to stay aboard our ship, we had to cut off some of it and clean up the rest. We did this for our own sake as well as Ito's. Our final consideration was humanitarian, and I'd say that Ito's effort to show his gratitude is a hopeful sign.

"I think we should proceed against the Japanese people in the same manner. We should kill off the most diseased portion. Then, because we must live in the same world with them, we must help restore the remainder to physical and mental health. We should show ourselves the humanitarians that we are and hope that the reactions of other Japanese will be the same as Ito's."

William Bradford Huie, *The American Mercury*  
(condensed by *The Reader's Digest*, March, 1944.)

Details of another remarkable escape by an American flyer were cabled from New York last night by the *Daily Mail* correspondent.

A sergeant-gunner was dropped by parachute to the Germans—to save his life. He is Sergeant T. Weaver, of Riverview, Alabama. One of his arms was shot off when his Fortress was hit over Hanover last July. Only chance of saving him was to drop him by parachute in the hope that he would land safely and be taken to a German hospital.

At first Weaver refused to leave the plane. But he was persuaded to go. Feebly he crawled towards the escape hatch and, helped by his friends, he dropped out. It was a 1,000 to 1 chance.

Yesterday the gunner's father learned from the War Department that his son is safe in a German prison camp.

*Daily Mail*, December 6th, 1943.



Several times we witnessed a most touching sight. The negro was sitting up, leaning over his comrade,\* smoothing his forehead and talking to him softly. From time to time he would moisten the man's lips from a water-bottle by his side, restrain the kicking legs and recover the slipping blanket; an *infirmier*, in fact, could not have done more. That Martinique soldier deserves a place in Heaven if ever a man did; for eight ghastly hours, over bumpy roads and through the awful heat, heedless of his own wounds, he watched and cared for his comrade without respite.

*The Road to Bordeaux* by Denis Freeman and Douglas Cooper. (Cresset Press, 1940.) P. 200.

After Shanghai had been taken by the Japanese the stock of insulin in the city was rapidly dwindling, when a Motherwell man, Mr. A. N. Walker, came to the rescue by assembling a makeshift apparatus and manufacturing a supply for the public health department of Shanghai Municipal Council.

"I required a certain piece of apparatus to finish the manufacture," said Mr. Walker, "but all the British-owned apparatus of this type had been seized by the Japanese.

"I approached the professor in a German medical school, and he allowed me to use his apparatus, saying: 'We may be enemies, but in the interests of humanity we are brothers.'"

Quoted in "They Say,"  
*Christian Pacifist*, February, 1943.

These are the strange stories of the battle of Normandy they told me on this 13th day since H-Hour, D-Day.

From his stretcher in the sorting camp Sergt.-Major James Hawson, Dunkirk, El Alamein, and on, watched the nurses in their khaki overalls and field boots and leggings working on the man next to him.

"And what happens next?" he asked. "Do I ask every day after his health?"

Then he told me: "Thirty hours ago Jerry—this man next to me now—is on one side of a farmyard in Normandy. I'm on the other. We have both had years of practice and training to get ready for a situation like this. He gets me through the arm with his machine-gun. But I get him, too, before I pass out. Next thing I know, we're in the same ship on the way home in the same ambulance, in the same bit of field in good

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\*[A Frenchman.]

old Blighty waiting to be patched up by the same doctors and nurses."

But now they are to part. Hawson is going to base hospital. The German will be too ill to move for several days.

*Daily Herald*, June 19th, 1944.

A German military doctor told me that the last ship which left Tunisia was a hospital ship. It was overtaken at sea by a British destroyer and ordered to return to Bizerta, then already occupied by the Allies. On arrival the ship was searched very meticulously, but since everything was in order the British commander apologised and gave his word that the ship, which had several thousand wounded and in addition the highest German medical staffs on board, could depart immediately. He excused the thorough search of the ship by referring to the fact that two Italian hospital ships had had a cargo of petrol and therefore been sunk. Before the German hospital ship left British doctors came on board distributing whisky, cigarettes ("the first decent cigarettes we had had for weeks," said my informant), and bars of chocolate. Furthermore, since the medical equipment on board had by this time become rather poor the British bandaged the German wounded and put a munificent supply at the German doctors' disposal. But, of course, they did not produce a word of propaganda! The ship departed, escorted to the Italian coast by the same British destroyer which had seized it.

This story, said my source, was spread among all the German troops in Italy within a few days. Arrived at Naples, the wounded made statements like: "If *that's* the enemy, then I won't play any more!" But everything had been so hearty, spontaneous, and without bias and, above all, without "propaganda" that the crew and the passengers of that hospital ship were under a spell. When a wounded German officer had rudely refused cigarettes or something of the sort even his men had reacted against him.

*Behind the Steel Wall* by Arvid Fredborg. (Harrap, 1944.) Pp. 204-5.

The battle for Tobruk, as the world remembers, was a see-saw affair in the African campaign, the British and the Germans alternately holding the city. A captain in charge of a British hospital unit related this experience.

When Rommel's troops took Tobruk in a sudden thrust, this hospital unit carried on calmly, even handling whatever wounded

the Nazi stretcher-bearers brought in, German and British alike. Later there was a hush as a figure darkened the door. It was General Rommel himself. The General stood for a moment, gazing at the rows of hospital cots. He strode to a wounded German soldier, asked a crisp question and listened attentively to the soldier's reply. Then he walked between the rows, pausing to question another German wounded.

At last Rommel beckoned to the British captain. "My men tell me they are getting exactly the same treatment as your British wounded. Also, that you are short of drugs, but they are receiving their fair share of what you have. I will have drugs sent you. Carry on as you are doing. No one will molest you." He strode out.

The promised drugs arrived promptly, and the hospital unit was able to employ them to good effect, saving both British and German lives. As the General had promised, there was no interference with the hospital's routine.

A few days later came another abrupt change in the fortunes of war. Rommel's forces were in flight, but in retreating they left the hospital unharmed. Neither defeat nor victory had interrupted its work of mercy.

Quoted in *Reader's Digest*, March, 1944, from *Pipeline to Victory* by Major P. W. Rainier (Heinmann, 1944.)

To-day I was told how a terribly wounded German soldier was snatched from death a few miles behind the Italian front. He was dying from severe chest wounds when he was brought into a field hospital. Complete removal of one lung was found to be necessary.

In the tent operating room one of the most delicate operations ever performed under field conditions was carried out by Major Paul Simpson, of Oakland, California. The surgeon had to work with the utmost precision and speed, but the operation was completely successful.

*Daily Mail*, November 1st, 1943.

Sir:—In to-day's issue you report the Christian gesture of the Mayor of Salford (Alderman John Binns) in visiting the German wounded prisoners of war in Salford Royal Hospital.

My wife, who speaks German fluently, has had occasion to visit German wounded prisoners of war in our local hospital at the request of the hospital authorities. The majority of the prisoners in

the ward she visited were of the young Nazi unmarried type, somewhat arrogant and not very willing to help the authorities by giving the necessary particulars of themselves for record purposes. There was one man, however, aged about thirty-five years, with a wife and two children in Germany, who called my wife to his bedside, and said, "Madam, I should be denying God if I did not offer up thanks for all the kindness and medical treatment I have received since I was brought to England." He then burst into tears.—Yours, etc., C. A. P.

*Manchester Guardian*, January 9th, 1945.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Gaines, of Fifteenth Avenue, Tong Road, Leeds, have received a letter from their son, Private Harry Gaines, who was wounded in the invasion and is in Worcester Royal Infirmary on this, his 19th birthday. He has wounds in both legs and the right arm.

He tells of the kindness of a German prisoner in a Red Cross hospital in Normandy in succouring him when he fell wounded: "He carried me for 70 yards to the beach, then looked down at me, smiled, put a cigarette in my mouth, lit it, and put his lighter in my pocket. Then he took off his white shirt, tore it into shreds and dressed my wounds. Having done this, he kissed me, with tears in his eyes, and then walked away to attend to other wounded."

*Yorkshire Evening Post*, June 13th, 1944.

The German News Agency said last night: "Dr. Clear, an American Army doctor, who was in charge of an American field hospital at Wissembourg, has presented himself in the German lines and has asked the Germans to take over 142 seriously wounded Americans. Dr. Clear stated that shortage of drugs and surgical material made it impossible for him to look after the wounded. The Germans acceded to his request."—*Reuter*.

*The Times*, January 9th, 1945.

[Messrs. H. F. and G. Witherby published in 1944 a remarkable book by Captain Brian Stone entitled *Prisoner from Alamein*. We were anxious to quote extensively from a chapter of it. But Messrs. Witherby felt unable to give permission without the consent of the author, who is out of England; and no reply has been received from him—indeed, it was hardly possible for one to be received—at the moment of going to press. In view,

therefore, of the copyright laws, we can do nothing but refer the reader to those passages in Chapter II in which Captain Stone describes how, as he lay wounded and helpless in the sun and glare by his knocked-out tank, some Red Cross Germans (or German soldiers with a Red Cross armoured car—the narrative is not quite clear on this point) made repeated efforts to bandage his wounds and get him on to a stretcher, in spite of great personal danger; for our own shells were falling around, as the British gunner was observing from too great a distance to see the Red Cross flag. Captain Stone uses such phrases as “How good they were, these Germans, trying to save me!” and “Indomitable men, here they came again.”

He asked one of the Germans, who had crawled up after a burst of shelling, for water. The man, “without a moment’s hesitation,” stood up, ran to the tank and brought the water back. Captain Stone writes that, while the man was by the tank, he could see him looking fearfully towards our own gun positions. Captain Stone says: “. . . I thanked him, and he left me. Another homage I pay every time I think of it.”

Although it had been agreed that further attempts at rescue should be deferred till nightfall, the Germans came again in the afternoon and succeeded in getting him away.]

## IV

### PRISONERS AND INTERNEES

Lord, make me an  
Instrument of your peace!

Where there is hatred, let me sow love,  
Where there is injury, pardon,  
Where there is doubt, faith;  
Where there is despair, hope;  
Where there is darkness, light;  
Where there is sadness, joy.

O Divine Master, grant  
That I may not so much seek  
To be consoled, as to console;  
To be understood, as to understand;  
To be loved as to love

For it is in giving that we receive;  
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned;  
It is in dying that we are born to eternal life.

*St. Francis of Assisi (traditional).*



The two guards who were put over us now were our delight in the months to come. Both were University of Tokyo graduates, and undoubtedly were selected for this duty because of their high calibre. One worked for Mitsui and one for Mitsubishi, which is like being employed by the houses of Morgan and Rockefeller in America. One had been a leading athlete in Japan, and both were immaculately clean in mind and body.

Our contact with these boys was one of the few happy experiences of our captivity—but poor lads, they are probably dead now. One, Mr. Jehara, was our full-time guard; the other, who relieved him at meal times and on his days off, was Mr. Kimura. . . .

The boys liked Mr. Arlington, and there was scarcely a day they did not bring a packet of cigarettes, and often they brought a can of condensed milk. I'm sure their pay was only a few yen a month, but they venerated the age of the old gentleman,

and they wanted to show it. Almost every night about nine o'clock they would come to our room with their cans of milk, for apparently they had received these every day, with one for Mr. Arlington. Sometimes they brought hard biscuits or pieces of pastry from their dinner, or bought across the road at the Russian Restaurant. . . .

I admit I felt very sorry when these two young Japanese, who in the midst of a bloody and warring world had tried to make things easier for their prisoners, left us. They said they were to depart very early, so I went to the balcony at dawn. The two came and stood under my window, all ready to embark on whatever field their military government was sending them, with full marching equipment, and tears in their eyes as they waved us good-bye.

*Prisoner of the Japs* by Gwen Dew.  
(Hutchinson, 1944.) Pp. 97-106.

To-day I met Cpl. James Wood, of the R.A.M.C., who at 26 recently left very willingly his job as business manager, editor, leader writer and chief reporter of the *Clarion*, produced for the 25,000 men of Stalag 8B, with its 500 scattered working parties. His finances for this 16-page monthly came from the camp welfare fund, subscribed by the prisoners of war. The newsprint was supplied by the Germans, and it was set up and printed at the offices of a National Socialist newspaper in a town in Upper Silesia.

When he was repatriated last autumn the corporal ("Chopper" to his Army friends) handed over his multiple job to a colleague.

"The *Clarion* was still running in December," he assured me to-day when I saw him at the military hospital where he is stationed in London. . . . For over a year, he told me, he tried to get permission from the Germans to start his paper. Finally, permission was given by the High Command.

Corporal Wood had never worked in a newspaper office—he was a company secretary before the war.

"First, a printer was needed," he said. "I thought the leading local Nazi newspaper seemed a good choice, so a German officer took me along to see them. They were willing to co-operate. The High Command gave me a permit (renewable every two months) to buy newsprint from a German firm."

In his office at the prison camp, a tiny room which had no telephone, the manager-editor-reporter got to work. He had

four reporters to help him, including G. N. Harding, a London sub-editor, who was serving in the Royal Marines when captured at Dieppe. His humorous articles became very popular. Cpl. Wood himself wrote the editorial, and there were informative articles, medical notes and even cookery recipes.

"But there were no comic strips or doubtful jokes," said Cpl. Wood. "We tried to maintain a dignified tone."

Every month Cpl. Wood, with Staff-Sgt. Harlow (typographical technician) to advise him, was allowed to go under escort to the Nazi newspaper office to put the *Clarion* to "bed." He prided himself that there were no misprints in his paper. He read three sets of proofs before he finally took the completed newspaper to the camp censor.

"The censor stopped one or two things," said Wood, "but I tried to see that nothing reached him which was likely to be cut."

*Evening Standard*, January 31st, 1944.

Blinded British prisoners of war in Germany—there are about 28 of them—have been given greatly improved conditions by changes which the German authorities have made.

All the men are now in one camp, and they have facilities for learning Braille reading and writing, typewriting and occupational therapy, corresponding to the education given at St. Dunstan's in this country.

*Daily Herald*, June 14th, 1942.

Vast new camps constructed in the United States on the "Kaiser" system, prefabricated for speed and economy, will house the Americans' growing stream of prisoners of war. Many will leave captivity when peace comes with a comfortable bonus.

If they work for private contractors they receive the prevailing high trade union rates of pay. Those directly employed by the Government get 80 cents, about 3s. 6d. a day. Of their earnings prisoners are paid only \$10 a month—as vouchers exchangeable at the canteen. The balance they will encash on their release.

How well they are settling down in their new "homes" is illustrated by a story from Camp Breckenridge, Kentucky, where German prisoners are working a 50-acre farm plot, growing beans, tomatoes, cabbages and turnips for their own kitchen.

When some of them recently asked permission to make a lawn



the American Army officers at the camp paid for the grass seed from their own pockets. In return the Germans have transformed a patch of bare waste land outside the officers' mess into an attractive flower garden.

*Daily Telegraph*, August 13th, 1943.

Several members of our Christian Pacifist Forestry and Land Units have been called upon from time to time to oversee the work of Italian prisoners of war. Here is part of a letter which I recently received from a Unit member.

"In the May of 1942 I was called upon to deputise for a foreman in charge of Italian P.o.W. Looking back to that beginning I am sure that at first I was plain scared of the rather tough-looking, loud-yelling gang that I had to drive about 30 miles to work. They were hoeing sugar-beet the first two or three weeks, and I could not say a word to them. They seemed to sit down nearly all day eating strawberries. These first days I found very boring with no one to talk to, and my job consisted in walking up and down, periodically making signs to them to get up and do some work.

"I resolved to learn to speak the language if I was asked to carry on, and the regular foreman leaving, I got hold of a Hugo's Grammar and proceeded to work at it at nights, putting it into practice during the day. Within a few weeks I found myself talking (very ungrammatically) to them, and the days began to be more interesting. The chaps appreciated the efforts I made to speak and responded by helping me out when I got stuck and by doing some excellent work. The fact that no other foreman made that effort or was able to talk to them made a great impression. I learned fairly early on that these chaps could not be 'druv.' They are like Sussex people in that, and by coaxing I think I got far more work out of them. As I progressed with the language, so I found myself able to talk over an infinite variety of subjects to them, and to argue on pacifism, socialism, religion and the like. Meal time became a real Hyde Park. After twelve months with the same gang I can say at least one lesson have I learned from them. They are every bit as human as we are. When you get to know them they are just like ourselves, only in some things more apt and more emotional. Their versatility is amazing; their artistry and their good spirits are an inspiration. From my own experience of ditching—which is our main job—I am sure that some of the work they do is unmatchable wherever one turns, and they have gained for themselves the reputation of being the best gang in this particular

camp. I am confident that when they are repatriated they will take back with them some completely new ideas."

Extract from letter sent by the Rev. Henry Carter to the *Christian Pacifist*, August, 1943.

The Italian prisoners of war in a small camp somewhere in England did a remarkable thing on their own initiative on All Saints Day. It happened that it was also pay day, when they receive their token money for work in the fields. The first man called up tried to make it understood that he did not want to draw his pay for the week. When asked what he wanted done with it, he said, "I wish it to be given to the poor of X, especially to any poor families who have lost men in the present war." The rest of the men followed suit, and together they collected £2 14s. 3d. from a small camp of under 200 prisoners, mostly peasants from Southern Italy.

Letter to *The Times* from Lina Waterfield, November 21st, 1941.

A third regular guard was a tall, blonde fellow whom we called Blondie. We all liked him very much. He, too, was able to speak a little English. Blondie was one of the two or three Germans who treated us not only decently, but also charmingly. He used to smuggle cigarettes in to us; tried to lighten our lot in any other way he could, and was thoroughly friendly and human. He hated the Nazis, despised Hitler, and hated the war. He often spoke about the bestiality of the Nazis.

*I Was an Altmark Prisoner* by Thomas Foley. (Francis Aldor, 1940.) P. 86.

According to a report which the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Panico, has received from the Apostolic Delegate in Japan, who has made many visits to internment and prison camps, the Japanese are observing the international conventions in their general treatment of prisoners of war held in Japan proper. The report states that the difficulties of which prisoners complain arise from differences of mentality between the prisoners and the Japanese.

Generally, and particularly in the matter of food and clothing, the prisoners are placed on the same level as the Japanese soldier. In the better-organised camps there is a monthly distribution of soap, razor blades, toothpaste, and cigarettes, and other small comforts are obtainable at the camp canteens. Most prisoners

are not short of money. Even where discipline and obligatory work are strictly enforced, time is allowed for recreation and sport. Money given to the prisoners by the Pope is used in many instances to buy games and musical instruments. In some camps living conditions are improved by acquiring local produce. In one, vegetables and fruit are grown, and in another, by the sea, fish is procurable.

The most insistent requests made by the prisoners are for news of their families and for reading matter. It is very difficult to find in Japan books in the western languages, but everything possible is being done by the Apostolic Delegation, and the Swedish Minister is making special efforts to obtain literature.

*The Times* (Melbourne Correspondent), May 24th, 1944.

A British warship to-day landed here 46 German prisoners—the crew of the steamer *Wakama*, which was scuttled off the Brazilian coast on February 12th. She also landed 16 British sailors from the *Ajax*, the *Achilles*, and the *Exeter*, who had been wounded in the battle of the River Plate. They were brought here for convalescence from Port Stanley, in the Falkland Islands, as there are better facilities for treatment here.

The German prisoners were cheerful and obviously pleased with their treatment on board the warship. They had been given the greatest freedom, and even allowed to help the warship's crew at their work. They were freely supplied with cigarettes and received the same rations as the warship's crew. It was their captain, Captain Eschacht, who, when he learnt that the German reports alleged that his crew had been fired on in their lifeboats, sent a special message to the Woermann Line, denying the reports and saying that the whole crew had been rescued by a British warship.

*The Times* (Capetown Correspondent), March 12th, 1940.

They treated me fairly enough aboard. The men were okay, and I figured that some of the older men and even a few of the younger ones must have been in the merchant marine, like me, at one time or another. They were more like shipmates, and they didn't remind me that I was a prisoner except when they were at battle stations, and that was fair enough. I figure I would have been the same way with them.

*U-Boat Prisoner* by Archie Gibbs.  
(Houghton Mifflin, 1943.) P. 196.

There are hundreds, if not thousands, of individual Friends who are working throughout the world helping to bind up the wounds of war in agencies outside the official work of the Society. In my own work as a representative of the World's Committee of the Y.M.C.A., I am a faint symbol of this group who are trying to help constructively to meet suffering and need.

There are to-day 8,000,000 prisoners of war scattered all over the world and confined behind barbed wire. The Geneva Convention of 1939, agreed to by most of the nations, laid down certain principles for the treatment of these men. In many ways the prison camps are, therefore, the one place where international law between the nations remains in force. For the Geneva Convention is being observed. The World's Committee of the Y.M.C.A. is serving these prisoners in nearly every country and on every side of the conflict. The work is reciprocal: what is done in one country helps to make possible the work in another. . . .

The World's Committee of the Y.M.C.A. has specialised in meeting the cultural and spiritual needs of the men behind barbed wire. In fact, in every prison camp we have set up a "university" with all the varied activities which this implies. The prisoners themselves are the teachers. Frequently the standards are as high as in the universities outside. In Canada correspondence courses are also conducted in connection with the Canadian universities. Allied prisoners in Germany are allowed to send their papers to England for marking. All this educational work involves supplying paper, pencils, books, blackboards—in fact, everything needed for the modern school—to the prisoners.

The War Prisoners Aid of the Y.M.C.A. also promotes athletics behind the barbed wire. We provide footballs, basketballs, track equipment, ping-pong and other games. Many of the camps in Canada have tennis courts. . . . In the winter men make skating rinks. These are of the simplest construction. The Y.M.C.A. has provided a few skates for each camp, perhaps 25 for a thousand prisoners. The men sign up for them by the hour, so that they are in use the whole day. When I first arranged (with the permission of the Canadian Government) to establish skating, a Canadian manufacturer donated some skates to be used by the German prisoners. Later, when Germany learned of the fine skating that was going on among their men in Canada, they reciprocated by permitting other privileges for the British and Canadian prisoners. Thus, one act of generosity on the part of a Canadian manufacturer probably accomplished far more for the welfare of British and Canadian

prisoners than if he had sent the skates direct to our men in Germany.

All of this Y.M.C.A. work is being carried on not only in Canada and Germany and in North Africa, but in the Orient as well, including Japan. There is no question but that men of every nationality and on every side of the conflict deeply appreciate the little that we have been able to do. The resulting increase of understanding and sympathy between nationalities is incalculable. Every deed of love and good will shines with increased intensity in the hearts of men, especially when the world is being torn with the terrible effects of world conflict. In the long run, if peace is to be made secure it will only be by such positive deeds of understanding and love.

*The Friend*, August 27th, 1943. (From an article by Dr. Jerome Davis, Director of the Prisoner of War Work in Canada, Y.M.C.A.)

Said Private William Kay (32), of Havelock Street, Blackburn, a member of a Bucks Battalion: "We were drafted into the hospital almost on the first day of the Russian War, and remained there until July, 1942.

"As we got to understand these poor devils we felt no more hatred for them, although we had been treated badly and arrogantly in the beginning. They seemed to have lost all their pride, and were so pathetically grateful for what we did for them that when their German Red Cross parcels came in they would cut them in half and share them with us, and, though they only had three cigarettes a day, they wouldn't smoke them unless we had a smoke, too.

"By the beginning of 1942 conditions had become absolutely dreadful. Men were being brought in from the snows at the front with their feet dropping off with frost-bite. They had no chance. They were too far gone. All we could do was to give them a little comfort."

Back from Rouen, they went to Czechoslovakia and to Stalag 21A in Poland. Here, like others, they found the attitude of the Germans gradually changing.

"One night," they told me, "—it was last Christmas Eve—we were singing when suddenly someone said, 'Listen! The guards are singing, too.' They were, and we went over to join them. They were singing 'God Save the King,' and later they sang a French song meaning 'To the Return.'"

*News Chronicle*, October 26th, 1943. (An interview with repatriated prisoners.)

One day the camp witnessed an unusual and significant spectacle. A convoy of Polish women, deported as a reprisal measure, stopped a few days for a medical inspection before going on to an unknown destination.

They arrived in a pitiful state, almost dead with fear, surrounded by S.S. men and self-styled nurses belonging to the female branch of this corps. There were three hundred of them, picked at random in a small Polish town one Easter Sunday as the crowds were coming out of church. They were taken off without being allowed to say good-bye to their families or take anything but the Sunday finery they had put on for church. They were so bedraggled with dust and exhausted by their long journey in box cars that it was difficult to tell them apart, to make out that among them were peasants, shopkeepers, and women of the leisured class. There were girls of twelve and women of over sixty, all equally miserable, all reduced to the same condition. They spent a day in a barrack near the camp gate, closely guarded by their escort. The French prisoners were not allowed to come near them, but learned their story from the medical personnel.

Colonel Kluge [the head of the medical staff in the camp] was charged with the medical inspection and vaccination of these women. The commanding officer of the S.S. troops had told him that they were Polish women who had volunteered to work in Germany. The French staff of the infirmary had joined the German doctors in examining the women. From the very beginning, when the first of them entered the examining-room, the Colonel was struck with their appearance, so much so that he finally asked one of them whether they had really volunteered. The woman, wife of a high Government official, burst into tears, and he was unable to get a word out of her. It was only little by little, through scraps of information that he could get out of a few of the "volunteers," that the Colonel learned the truth.

At first he was utterly bowled over, too amazed to say anything. Then suddenly he exploded, in the presence of the French doctors and the Polish women. "Schweinerei!" he roared. "It's an outrage, an infamy! So that is what they call bringing culture to the occupied countries!"

He broke off as abruptly as he had begun, rose, asked the French doctors to carry on the examination without him, and stalked out. He went to see the colonel in command of the camp and did not return for two hours. No one ever knew what happened.

The French doctors asked his permission to organise a collec-

tion of food among the prisoners for the starving women. The Colonel told them to go ahead but with discretion so as not to attract the attention of the Gestapo, and volunteered himself to carry the gifts to the women's barrack in order to get them by the S.S. guards.

The women went off the next morning. Before their departure Colonel Kluge, accompanied by Captain L— of the French medical corps, brought them the boxes of provisions in his car. The night before he had kept them in his office to evade the guard.

*A Prisoner in Germany* by Robert Guerlain. (Macmillan, 1944.) Pp. 105-6.

Sir,—In case it would interest your readers I enclose extracts from a letter which I have received from my son, who was taken prisoner in British Somaliland last August by the Italians. The letter is dated January 1. He says:

"Christmas under these circumstances was rather a hollow farce, but even this prison atmosphere could not prevent us from capturing some of the good old Christmas spirit. Strange to relate we even got some presents—the Italian Red Cross sent us a case of cakes, biscuits, and a few bottles of wine, which was a great luxury. The only other presents we received were from the Italian Air Force, who not only gave us a bottle of beer apiece—only Italian beer, it is true, but nevertheless beer—but a box load of games, such as chess, draughts, dominoes, etc. The local General commanding the Air Force in this area came down in person on Christmas Eve to wish us a happy Christmas with these presents. We all thoroughly appreciated the kindness and consideration shown by the Air Force, which is difficult to find elsewhere. The local captain of the police, who is our official gaoler, came and had a drink with us in the evening, and the other policemen who are variously responsible for our captivity came and visited us at various other times."

I feel this should comfort relations of our men who have recently become prisoners in Italian hands.

Yours truly, Eva Trevaskis.

The Rectory, Rusper, Sussex.

*The Times*, April 24th, 1941.

It would be quite wrong to suggest that the "propaganda" camp was the only one where the men were well looked after. Company Sergeant-Major Little, of Moffat, who was badly

wounded and captured on June 19th, 1940, and had to have his left arm amputated three weeks later, spent some time in a camp at Posen. This, he said, was a good camp, and the prisoners had films once a month. It was an understanding that men out working were each given a small piece of bread each day by the contractor they worked for, over and above their camp ration. "One thing you've got to hand to the Germans," he added, "is that their medical service is very efficient."

*The Scotsman*, October 28th, 1943.

*Merlag und Milag.*

13.6.43.

I am writing this letter to you from the hospital. I have been in for a week now. I am undergoing treatment for my stomach. I get as good treatment in the camp hospital as I did in E.R.I. (Edinburgh Royal Infirmary); it is just like civvy street. The doctors cannot do enough for us—what wonderful fellows they are. I think it would be nice if they could put in your Red Cross magazine what Major H—— and his fellow doctors have done for this camp.

*The Prisoner of War*, September, 1943.

Some letters have been received by his family from Martin Lidbetter, a member of the Friends Ambulance Unit captured in Greece and now in a camp in Germany. He says they were "searched in a very gentlemanly, almost apologetic, manner, shown into our barracks and given a tremendous feed of potatoes, which vegetable most of us had not tasted or even seen since the time before our capture. We were next issued with a tin of English cigarettes, an unheard-of commodity in Greece, and a 10 lb. Red Cross parcel of food and soap. . . . The camp is very well run, and is spotlessly clean and tidy. There is a camp school and an excellent library of fiction, classics and technical books. . . . He concludes: "One very striking point is the feeling of friendship existing between some of the captured and captors."

*The Friend*, December 5th, 1941.

A sixty-year-old British woman internee in Wurtemberg has refused German offers to set her free, and prefers to remain in captivity with 300 fellow interneers. She is Mrs. Violet T. Froom, camp captain of Liebenau, where British and American women have spent long periods of internment.



Periodically the Germans offer release to sick and elderly women, and also to some who volunteer to go to Palestine in exchange for German women repatriated from Britain.

Mrs. Froom could have been one of the first to come home, but as camp captain she places duty above freedom, has refused all offers, and declares that so long as a British woman remains at Liebenau she stays, too.

For the last year or two she has been camp captain at Liebenau, a large sanatorium-asylum, set among wooded hills within sight of the Alps north of Lake Constance.

British women recently repatriated speak of her in the highest terms, and the German overseers respect and admire her for her efficiency, fairness, tact and determination.

Eighteen different languages are spoken at Liebenau.

She has kept camp friction down to a minimum, and her terrific personality and hard work have helped to make conditions better for all in the camp

She sends periodic reports on prisoners' health, and special requests for needed comforts or medicine, to the Red Cross.

*Sunday Express*, March 28th, 1943.

The International Red Cross delegate in Hong-kong has again visited the Stanley internment camp for civilians, and reports that a bathing beach has been opened. War prisoners and interned civilians in Hong-kong can now correspond regularly among themselves through the ordinary post, and are allowed to write to friends and relatives in Japan, Manchuria, Macao, and occupied China, and, in Japanese, with the Philippines.

In Shanghai large quantities of foodstuffs, shoes, clothes and toilet requisites have been distributed to interned people from consignments which have been sent out by the British Red Cross and by the International Committee. Ten thousand parcels were distributed in seven camps in the area during May alone.

The Committee is represented in Singapore by a correspondent whose duty is to distribute relief in Singapore and the area immediately adjacent to the island. Recently comforts to the value of £10,000 were purchased on behalf of British war prisoners and civilians in captivity there.

*The Times* (Geneva Correspondent), August 21st, 1943.

There is a Buddhist priest of the Hongwanji Sect in every prison in Japan. They have great authority; they and their assistants control the prison library, take note of the conduct

of prisoners and recommend them for shortening of sentences. They take charge of prisoners' earnings, and, on their release, keep in touch with the men through their families or the village headman. The nature of prison discipline is according to modern ideas, and, put briefly, it runs: "They must go out better men and citizens than they were when they came in." Our priest was most helpful. He could visit us at will, and, though his English was limited and most of us foreigners had little Japanese, he did manage to bring help and sympathy into many cells. . . . He charmed us foreigners on two Sunday evenings by bringing a gramophone into our corridor and giving us some classical music.

*From a Japanese Prison* by Samuel Heaslett, D.D., formerly Bishop of South Tokyo. (S.C.M. Press, Ltd., 1943.) Pp. 33-34.

We are very glad to be able to feel, as we may, judging by reports coming in from the United States, that Japanese residents in the States are also receiving humane treatment. More than 100,000 Japanese (of whom 70,000 are American citizens) are being moved into the interior for the duration of the war, and, of course, such a large-scale migration must mean hardship and sorrow for many; but the movement seems to be carried out without unnecessary rigour. The American Friends Service Committee has opened a number of temporary hostels through which the evacuees pass prior to their transportation into large-scale reception centres.

*Christian Pacifist*, July, 1942.

Those of our members who have written to us in the past to ask if we have any news of how prisoners and internees are being treated in Japanese-occupied territories may be interested in the following extracts from a letter from a British member in America. The writer of this letter has managed to establish contact with friends of his in Japan through the medium of recorded messages which the Japanese allow to be broadcast.

"I have good reason to believe—from talks I have had with a friend who was in the Philippines for the first six months of the Pacific war—that the conditions under which our internee friends existed last year were infinitely better than might have been expected from the sensational reports of Japanese excesses which were circulated in this country during that period."

"The Japanese Commandant at Santo Tomas, a civilian, is

apparently a reasonable fellow who is quite willing to allow the internees to run the camp themselves (and this they are doing very well), provided they are governed by certain principles laid down by the Japanese authorities. This obviates continual contacts between Japanese officials and the internees, which in turn reduces to a minimum the friction which would inevitably result from a constant ordering about of the Americans and Europeans by their Asiatic jailers. There have been differences of opinion between the internees—which is only to be expected under the circumstances prevailing—but these differences have been of relatively minor importance. Taken as a whole, the camp has been well administered to the satisfaction of all concerned.

“A good deal of food and other things are being sent to Santo Tomas by the friends of the internees who are at large in Manila, and the only doubt in my mind is concerned with the financing of these amenities. Some of the internees are still in possession of money deposited with friends outside the camp, and they have distributed food and other supplies to their less fortunate fellow prisoners. As time drags on, however, these financial resources will dwindle, and I consider that our first duty is to urge the British authorities to exert every effort to make available for our interned British friends the financial assistance they so sorely need. I understand that this effort is being made, but we should all do our best to bring to bear any influence we can on those concerned with making it.

“In other respects, the information I received last week was reassuring, and the messages we are receiving through Tokyo are equally satisfactory. It might be said that these messages can easily be ‘doctored’ by the Japanese, but those that have come to my knowledge seem to me to read as though they were the actual words used by the people who wrote them.”

*National News-Letter*, July 15th, 1943.

A letter has recently come to the Red Cross and St. John organisation telling of six lovers of Mozart, prisoners of war in Austria, who rejoiced at their find of a score for one of the master's works. Unfortunately, it needed an oboe-player as well as an oboe, and neither, they thought, could be conjured up in the camp.

However, such is the appeal of music that one of the German officials could no longer resist the call of the unfulfilled work, and obtained permission to bring along his oboe and join the party.

*Children's Newspaper*, 1944.

## V

### COMEDY

In real life serious things and mere trifles, laughable things and things that cause pain, are wont to be mixed in strangest medley. It is necessary, then, that Tragedy, as being a mirror of life, must leave room for an element of comic humour.

John Keble, *Lectures on Poetry*.



A Focke-Wulf had been circling around a convoy most of the day. At last a British warship signalled to the pilot "For heaven's sake go round the other way—you are making us giddy." The Focke-Wulf replied "Anything to oblige an Englishman," and changed direction. As she did so an armed merchant cruiser let off a six-inch shell at the German. Whereupon the warship enquired politely "Anywhere near you?". "Miles away, thanks," replied the aircraft, and proceeded to unwind the necks of the Navy gunners.

*Evening Standard*, July 25th, 1942.

A German soldier in a town in the Siegfried Line was so keen to surrender that when challenged in the doorway of a house he threw his arms up so quickly that he disarmed the American soldier challenging him.

Instead of trying to escape he apologised and picked up the American's rifle for him.

*Evening Standard*, November 27th, 1944.

I get talking to the sentry who came out of the pill-box to say "Hallo!" and ask him what the Christmas tree is doing on top of the flag-pole on the pill-box. "Oh," he says, "this is one the Germans gave us on Christmas Eve. We gave them a turkey in exchange." This was apparently effected by a loud-voiced arrangement. A German brought the tree half-way across the bridge. Then a Frenchman came out with a turkey and took the tree. A German fetched it from where the tree was, and the sentry seemed to think the procedure quite natural.

*Sunday Dispatch*, January 21st, 1940.

Seated alone in the escape hatch of his blazing, bomb-laden plane, First Lieutenant Edwin Martens, pilot of the Flying Fortress "Berlin Special," prepared to bale out. Then, realising his plane would crash on crowded London, he made his way to the heart of the fire and beat out the worst of the flames with an empty equipment bag.

Returning to the control, Pilot Martens, with radio system burned out and unable to find his exact location, turned the bomber away from London. Though the guns in the waist of the Fortress were pointing downwards and snapped off when he descended, he landed his plane safely.

As the bomber came to a standstill ground crewmen saw the blackened, grimy face of Lieutenant Martens show out of the cockpit window, while smoke streamed from windows and hatches. Sergeant William Ellis, one of the crew who had previously baled out, was met by an old woman with a switch, who called, "You're a Jerry, aren't you?" The sergeant replied, "No, ma'am. I'm a Yank."

*Sunday Express*, July 16th, 1944.

The Army revealed one of those little freaks of war which no longer needed to be kept secret:—

On the first night of the invasion of southern France the Americans plugged into the Nazi power system and lighted the beach with electricity supplied by a German-operated plant fifteen miles away. The Army thought this was too good to be true—getting enemy electricity to light their way into France—and that the Germans would promptly cut it off. But for some reason the Germans kept on for three weeks, pumping electricity into American installations. In that period nearly one-third of the electricity which lighted and powered the Allied invasion was furnished through the courtesy of the German Army.

*New York Herald Tribune*, November 19th, 1944.

Sir,—Reports favourable to the behaviour of Germans during the occupation of France are rare. It will interest your readers to know that a German Admiral who had commandeered my house in Bordeaux had my beautiful old furniture carefully stored while he was residing there. Before being expelled from Bordeaux he had the whole of the house repapered and repainted. What courtesy!

Meanwhile, another German was thrust upon the board of directors of my French company in Bordeaux. He claimed and

was paid a high salary (altogether 500,000f.) to supervise my British interests. Each year he appropriated the totality of my share of profits and that of my children. Needless to say that he sent to Germany the said profits. What a fiend!

Yours, etc., B. H. Seward.

*The Times*, February 9th, 1945

Sir,—In a recent issue of *The Times* many parents will have read with concern (if they did not already know it) that “toys are scarce and dear this Christmas,” and that “though some are moderately good, others are poor and unlikely to stand up to boisterous treatment, even from a very young child.” They will also have noticed a shortage of sweets. To these, as well as to others who earlier in the year suffered from the drought, I commend for their comfort the following narrative of severer privations. It has reached me from a well-known actor in the R.N.V.R., who has changed the part of Hamlet for that of the commander of an unnamed vessel, perhaps H.M.S. *Pinatore*, ‘somewhere in the Mediterranean.’

“My ship’s company are busy making toys for Greek children: I’ve even made a large woollen ball myself, which caused a great deal of amusement among my more masculine friends. We happen to know a wretchedly poor Greek convent, where 80 small children, all orphans, are cared for. The very best that can be done for them is done—but it amounts to practically nothing—they are more than half starved. Many of the babies are red raw—because they have to be washed in sea water, fresh water being so precious that it can only be spared for drinking. None of them has ever known a sweet or seen any sort of toy. The proud possession of the children was a small ring of steel which could be rolled along the floor—not even a tin to beat with a stick—for every tin is required as a cooking utensil, and all sticks are fuel.

“A naval officer I know happened to have a wooden yellow duck on wheels on board—it was an intended Christmas present for a niece in England. He presented it to the convent. It caused stupefaction! It was received with wide-eyed silence and gaping mouths—and then solemnly led by a daring four-year-old out into the street. In absolute silence all the children followed it, and soon a regular procession was started, with old men and women, soldiers, priests, everyone—and they all followed the yellow duck through the main street of the town. Someone found a Union Jack and hoisted it on a pole. A tattered, dirty drummer appeared from somewhere, and a fiddler

with a squeaky fiddle. They played, almost unrecognisably, 'God Save the King.' And the yellow duck, a hideosity, was finally led, like the Trojan horse, back into the convent—and so we make toys for them now and hope to get them to the kids before Christmas."

Your obedient servant, Sydney Cockerell.  
Kew, December 17th.

*The Times*, December 19th, 1944.

A British officer proceeding in a jeep rashly and fast along a road turned a corner and found himself gazing almost up the spout of a German tank's gun.

Seeing a track to the right he swerved up it, but it was horse-shoe in shape and as quickly landed him back on the road in rear of the tank. On this a head surmounted by a coal-scuttle helmet emerged from the turret and shouted in perfect English: "Make up your mind! Which side *are* you on?"

The Englishman, having by now lost his composure, said he wasn't sure.

The German shouted back: "Then for God's sake clear out!" and disappeared again within the bowels of his tank.

*The Times*, March 4th, 1944.

Honour is not a fashionable word amongst American dough-boys, and in their shyness they underrate it as a military weapon. Honour has been known to stop an armoured column dead in its tracks; not honour in general but the personal honour of one man in particular. There were no reporters present, and his name, age and address were not recorded. But it happened, truly and exactly as I record it, one night in Morocco.

The armoured column was American. It was a full division strong and had landed the day before. Its mission was to proceed inland from the coast to parry a blow that was expected from up Marrakesh way. Its encounter with honour took place about one o'clock in the morning, just as it wound into the foothills of the Atlas Mountains.

Now an armoured division in column formation is a fearsome thing. Closed up for battle, it stretches fifteen miles of solid steel and fire power. It can blow a good-sized town off the map in thirty minutes. Yet honour pinned it to the ground, held it choking and roaring with its motors idling for three precious hours in an enemy country in the first phase of a historic invasion. Had there been more resistance in Marrakesh when

it got there the next day it might have lost the battle. Credit honour, with an assist to sentiment.

The General in command of the armoured column was a very active sort of man, bluff, aggressive, short and sturdy of stature and red of face. He is a brilliant soldier and his men adore him. He rides into battle with them in a jeep with the top down, accompanied only by his aide, who drives if he is not so impatient that he takes over the wheel himself.

At the moment it began the General had thus bounced through the inky black, in and out of the gutter, to the rear of his column, just to be sure that all was well there. The rear of a fifteen-mile column moves characteristically in long waits and short rushes to catch up. Therefore it was some time before the General realized that there was something unnatural about this particular wait. In such close proximity to the enemy there was, of course, radio silence. So it was some time before he diagnosed the wait not as minor traffic trouble but as something more important. Fifteen miles, he suddenly thought. My God! Maybe with all this noise of running motors I can't hear the firing! Maybe we have made contact! Maybe we are being ambushed!

The General's aide has been under fire many times and he did not get his job by being a timid man, but he recalls no terror like the terror of that ride up to the front end of the column with his suddenly alerted commanding General. As the long steel column had halted, it had crushed up upon itself on a narrow road so that there were places where not even a jeep could wedge between a stalled M1 tank and a steep embankment. In such emergencies the General would climb the bank and proceed on through the woods, "bouncing," the aide swears, "'from tree to tree."

Thus came Sheridan to the battle fifteen miles away, ten miles away, five miles away—but as he approached the battlefield there was not more noise to greet him, but less. For here the drivers of the mighty tanks and the fearsome tank destroyers, resigning themselves to the wait which was now stretching into its third hour, had shut off their motors and climbed out to gossip in whispers by the roadside. And against this new silence, after the throbbing of the motors and the clanking of the treads, there was still no sound of gunfire to account for the halted column.

The General and his aide covered the last few miles. The front end of the column was stuck into a densely wooded mountain pass. They swung around the last sharp turn and this is what they saw: One 23-ton M1 tank and, just beyond, a semi-



circle of American officers and men, their helmets silhouetted in the bright light of a lantern shining from just ahead of them. The General leapt from his jeep and strode through the group. The officers and men were silent, for they had long since exhausted words. Beyond them and in the centre of the road there stood—as he told me the story, the General enumerated the items, counting on his fingers:

One rock, almost round, about three feet in diameter.

One lantern, kerosene, sitting on rock.

One soldier, French, aged seventy-five, with snow-white beard, and across his faded tunic row upon row of ribbons from each of which hung a medal.

One rifle, 1870 Government issue, in hands of said poilu, its butt resting on ground.

"And what," asked the General, halting before this tableau, "what the hell is this?"

The old soldier with the beard squared his shoulders and answered firmly but respectfully: "Monsieur, c'est un road block *symbolique*."

"And why, may I ask," said the General, whose French was still adequate, for he had learned it well in the last war, "why is it there?"

"It is there," said the old man proudly, "because I am guarding it. I represent the honour of the French Army. It is not possible to permit the invasion of French soil without resistance. So you see, Monsieur, I resist."

"It is true," the old man continued, "I can only resist symbolically. But I resist"—and letting his eye rove sternly over the semicircle of American officers—"and I resist not unsuccessfully, Monsieur. There is no argument by which these men can persuade me not to resist."

The General had learned more than the language in France. Slowly and thoughtfully he walked around the stone to the old man, and with affection and respect he put his arm around his shoulder. "Old one," he said, "I am glad I have seen what I have seen. But this matter is not as difficult as you imagine. It is now clear to the whole world that you have done your duty. It is very late, and I can assure you—for I am the commanding General of this column—that you may now go back to your bed and sleep in peace."

Tears of gratitude for such understanding came into the old man's eyes. He grasped the General's hand. "No, no, Monsieur, now I cannot go. You have made it impossible."

"But . . . but why?" asked the commanding General.

"Because," said the old man, drawing himself up again, "I

have inconvenienced an army that was once the ally of France. I must now stay and help you to remove the symbolic road block."

"It would not," said the General with just a slight catch in his voice, "be fair to these men of mine, who are so young and so anxious to serve. *They* will remove the road block, Papa, they will remove it *for* you."

And so it was that the road block *symbolique* was at last pushed to one side and the motors roared and the mighty steel juggernaut rolled on, passing a spot that should forever be a shrine to the honour of France—and to the fine sensitivities of the American soldier in foreign parts.

*The Battle is the Pay-Off* by Ralph Ingersoll. (John Lane, 1943.) Pp. 81-84.

## VI

### CIVILIANS

"I sometimes think that every single day the war continues to last increases the obligation of humanity to a great, common future, full of greater goodwill. For what could be more compelling than the pain which has grown beyond all knowledge, which must surely make millions of human beings in all countries more united than before? Ah, then it will be possible to speak again, and every word of love or art will find a new acoustic, a more open air, and a wider space."

Rainer Maria Rilke. (Letter to Marietta  
Freiin von Nordeck, Sept. 19th, 1917)



We must be thankful to the *Schwarze Korps*, that disgusting weekly of Himmler's savage Black Guards, for having revealed the wonderful case of Frau Staritz, a Lutheran woman minister in Breslau. It devotes nearly a full page to denouncing and threatening her. Frau Staritz wrote a circular letter to all her parishioners urging them to take particular care of those unfortunate "Non-Aryan Christians"—persons of Jewish race who had been baptized, sometimes as young children—who are now compelled to wear the yellow "David Star" even in church.

"These brethren must be regarded as Christians, like all others," she wrote. "They need special religious comfort and practical protection against the 'un-Christian behaviour' of those misled parishioners who dishonour their faith. Special seats should be reserved for them in churches, if necessary: but, of course, not as 'poor-sinner' benches. They should even, if they wish it, be taken from their homes by fellow Christians and accompanied to the churches, despite the Nazi threats against Aryans who show themselves in the streets with people wearing the Yellow Badge."

☉ The *Schwarze Korps* fumes against this woman parson, and suggests that she had better leave Germany with the Jews for the "Canaan in the East"—the mass-ghetto in the Rokitno marshes of Poland, to which they are deported and where they are dying by tens of thousands.

Other cases are reported in "the other Germany" by Dr. August Siemsen, a former Socialist member of the Reichstag, who has interviewed exiles arriving in Buenos Aires in September. Although Siemsen is conducting a resolute anti-Hitler campaign in South America, he gives proof that not all Germans are tainted with the Nazi blood-lust.

A Jewish merchant from Berlin denied that the Germans were united, that they all supported Hitler or that they were all anti-Semitic. Although the "David Star" order was aimed not only against Jews but their Gentile friends, Germans continued to meet Jews whom they knew in the black-out.

Then a policeman who heard Jews could not obtain the same food as other people was indignant, he said; a tax collector refused to take his last money; another official spoke of his shame at being a German "like the Nazis."

"There is no sign of anti-Semitism among the workers," added the merchant. "Many of my relatives, working as engine-drivers and miners, got the same rations from butchers and bakers as the other heavy workers, in spite of orders to the contrary."

*Daily Herald*, January 8th, 1942.

Back in June, Joseph C. Grew, former Ambassador to Japan, gave a speech at the University of Kentucky which did not receive the publicity it deserved. It was a particularly interesting speech because it indicated that those responsible for war-time propaganda in the Government are becoming mindful that a workable peace cannot be built upon popular hatred of the former enemy, but will require understanding. Said Mr. Grew of the Japanese, a people he has reason to know exceptionally well:

"It is important, both during the war and afterward, for us to realise that the common people of Japan, who support their government body and soul, did not seek this war. They do not have for us the long-standing hatred which mars the relationships of some pairs or groups of western nations. In my many years in Japan I found that most of the ordinary men and women of Japan—men and women of all classes and of all regions—were friendly toward America. They respected our good faith. They honoured us for our humane, non-aggressive ideals. They showed us time and time again a true courtesy and friendliness which in some cases became devoted friendship and personal loyalty. Nevertheless, they are obedient people, and when their government fell into the hands of bullies, murderers and fanatics, the ordinary people of Japan continued to give

their government the same unqualified obedience which they had shown their constituted authorities for ages past.

"These ordinary people are fighting us to-day. They are fighting us with the grim devotion of which they have a superlative mastery. They do not display the irrepressible good humour which lies at the heart of China's immense endurance. They do not possess the grim, almost reckless, enterprise which we Americans can put into an all-out fight. But they do have a respectfulness, a co-operativeness, toward one another, an almost dreadful anxiety to do what they are told. These qualities account for the curious paradox that, although the Japanese, man for man, may well prove to be the hardest enemies whom we have to defeat, they promise to be the easiest people with whom to make a real peace, provided that we liberate them from the braggarts and men of blood who now hold Japan in thrall."

The former Ambassador then went on to recount how the Japanese people had been literally conquered by the militarists, who used terror, deceit, and assassination; how the army had started the Manchurian war without asking or telling Parliament, the Cabinet or the people; and how, once that war was started, the Army was in a position to appeal to the sentiment, "My country, right or wrong!", which the Japanese, least of all peoples in the world, were in a position to deny or disrespect. Mr. Grew further stated that the occupation of Manchuria was a "deliberate blow against constitutionalism in Japan and was the work of militarist radicals who realized that every succeeding month of peace was bringing the Japanese common people closer and closer to the realization of the goodness of decent international relationships. If the Army had not started Japan on a course of aggression, the constitutionalist and peaceful forces might have dislodged the militarists from pivotal positions of political power and might have directed Japan's course down the road of international progress, disarmament and collaboration."

At the time that the struggle for power was going on in Japan and the China war was about to begin, most Americans who read their newspapers carefully understood the situation as Mr. Grew has described it. In recalling these facts at this time when it is the fashion to depict all Japanese as incorrigible outlaws who always have been, and always will be, beyond the pale of civilised society, Mr. Grew has given us a sharp reminder that war tends to play tricks with our memories and our judgment—tricks that will not help us to build a just peace.

E. Dixwell Chase, *World-over Press*, July 21st, 1943.

900 Allied prisoners of war in Germany who escaped when bombs fell near their camp during an R.A.F. raid on Hagen, Westphalia, were hidden and fed by the German people, said the B.B.C. in a German broadcast last night.

*Daily Mail*, October 22nd, 1943.

A Welsh woman made a perilous journey by sea and land, crossing a bridge that was under German fire, to bring food to Italian coast towns cut off by the war. Mrs. Margaret Scaramello, a native of Pwllheli, North Wales, lived with her Italian husband in the ancient town of Amalfi, on the Sorrento Peninsula.

Amalfi is a city of the past, where even the shops were built in the 16th century. The only route to Amalfi from Salerno is along a winding road hewn out of the solid rock in the cliffside, which rises to heights of 1,500 feet, while cloud-capped peaks of mountains tower above. To make this journey it has been necessary since the Allied landings to dash across a five-span bridge at Vietri, and run the gauntlet of machine-gun and mortar fire from German positions in the hills beyond.

The people of Sorrento Peninsula were running out of food. Bread had not been available for weeks, and olive oil, the principal form of fats used in Southern Italy, was also in short supply. In the 700-years-old monastery at Amalfi, now converted into an hotel, Mrs. Scaramello told me how she solved the problem.

"My husband," she said, "has three granaries in Salerno. They have been bombed, but in them is quite an appreciable amount of grain. To carry the grain I found a 30-ton vessel to sail round the coast, and, after getting permission for it to go into Salerno, I went round by road. But at Salerno I was taken by the military police and questioned, but I explained things satisfactorily, and got away next day. I was given a helmet when we made the dash over the bridge at Vietri, but, though bullets spattered the roadway, none hit the vehicle in which I was sitting. As a result of the journey, the coast towns now have food for 10 days."

*Evening Standard*, September 23rd, 1943.  
Basil Gingwell (Despatch from Amalfi).

As Miss Joan Ingram was on her way to freedom from a German internment camp, the air raid sirens sounded. Their train was then at Ulm in Wurtemberg. Miss Ingram, with 30

other British women, was ordered out of the train to the shelters. What happened after was described to me by Miss Ingram in London.

The Germans pointed overhead into the darkness, saying: "Airplanes, airplanes," and calling on the party to hurry. One British woman replied, incomprehensibly to the Germans, "Good sausage, wotcher boys"—intended as a greeting to our airmen. The station shelter was full, so the "crocodile" marched in double file through the empty streets to the nearest shelter under a house roft. below ground.

"It was a large room," said Miss Ingram, "with smaller compartments off it. A hand pump controlled the air, and various people took a turn at it as they thought fit. There were more men than women in the shelter, many of them soldiers. News soon went round that the new arrivals were British. Everyone looked across at us. They were curious. Soldiers grinned and said: 'Hullo, miss,' and as our party spread out they sat down anywhere and talked to their German neighbours as if Hitler didn't exist. One good-class German woman rattled 'ay to us in one long, hearty grumble about the war and everything connected with it. She had no grudge against Britain or us, just the war, and she did not hesitate to express her mind, even in the presence of Gestapo men. Police looked on, wondering whether they should stop the conversation. More conversation parties developed, and our police thought it time to segregate us in one of the smaller compartments."

*Sunday Express*, March 21st, 1943.

While German track vehicles clattered in the moonlight through the main street of an Italian town which is well behind the German front line, a thoughtful figure stood watching them from an upstairs window of a house ten yards from the main street. It was Flight-Sergeant Clifford Raeburn Piper, from Christchurch, New Zealand, great-grandson of Raeburn, the famous Scots painter. German patriots were out searching the countryside for Piper, who had forced-landed several hours earlier with engine trouble after shooting down a Me.109.

But he was not worrying. He was in good hands in the house of friendly Italians. After watching the German column for 20 minutes he went back to bed.

Piper's forced landing was the start of a week's stay behind the German lines. He received a knock on the head and was temporarily stunned. When he recovered a number of Italian farmworkers were standing by. At first they wanted to take

him over to the burning wreckage of the destroyed Messerschmitt.

"Your comrade," they said, pointing.

"He's no comrade of mine," answered Piper.

They sent him to a thicket until dark, because the Germans were looking for him. They washed his bruises, gave him bread and water, and promised to return for him at dusk.

Piper waited five hours and dozed off. When he woke he saw an Italian soldier who he thought was going to take him prisoner. Then he noticed he had an overcoat over his arm and a bottle of water in his hand. Approaching, he called out softly, "English pilot," and Piper realised the promise had been kept.

Piper was made to put on a pair of Italian Army trousers "and a thing like a dinner jacket and overcoat." The Italian had brought Piper's radio set from the aircraft. The two went to the home of the soldier's parents, who gave Piper a meal.

Next morning they gave him some brandy when he left, and for four days he slept under trees. Italians took food and water to his hiding-places. Then he contacted American troops.

*Sunday Express*, September 26th, 1943.

John Redfern (Despatch from Algiers).

Sir,—I have just returned from Italy, and it was with some surprise, as well as regret, that I read in your issue of November 17th Mr. Blissett's diatribe against the Italians. Although he is so positive about the views of our soldiers in Italy, I believe that he is, in fact, mistaken in attributing his own opinions to them. Certainly his opinions are not shared by the hundreds of our ex-prisoners of war who, during the period of the German occupation of Italy, received shelter and food for months on end from Italian peasants and workmen who had scarcely the wherewithal to support their own families and who cheerfully took the great risks involved from no other motive than that of pure Christian charity. I have had occasion to see letters written by some of these ex-prisoners while they were in hiding. One of them said that "words could not express the kindness of these people to those who do not know it"; another wrote: "We find the Italians real gems to us; they do everything possible for us." The gratitude felt by the officers and men concerned to their benefactors is deep and heartfelt, and I have heard some of them express regret that as yet we have not adequately expressed our gratitude as a nation to these Italian civilians.

Incidentally, I gravely doubt whether it would help matters in any way were we, in fact, to "treat the Italians roughly." On the contrary, I am convinced that the wisest, as well as the



most Christian, policy for us to pursue is to treat them kindly, though firmly, and to do all that we can, without neglecting our other obligations, to alleviate their present misery, particularly by bringing about an improvement in the food situation. I do not believe that the average British soldier in Italy would disagree with this view or with Mr. Nicolson's statement that the democracies should be just as well as strong.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully, Hugh Montgomery.  
c/o Ampleforth College, York.

*Spectator*, November 24th, 1944.

Sir,—A recently repatriated British soldier, with whom I had chanced to come into correspondence during his captivity, but who is otherwise unknown to me, has written to me:—"The people of Sweden did everything for us during our short stay in their country. I shall never forget the kindness they showed to the British prisoners."

Yours faithfully, H. R. Sandilands.  
Drumalbin House, Heatherside, Camberley.

*The Times*, November 3rd, 1943.

Sir,—I have been living in England for just over three years. In the dark days of 1940 I was one with you in the decision to resist the Germans: I shared your joy in success and I shared your confidence in final victory. I made many real friends to whom I must now say or write my farewell.

During these three years, in the towns and villages of Great Britain, in trains and on roads, in parks and streets, in shops and shelters, pubs and clubs, in drawing-rooms and in factories, so many faces smiled at me, so many eyes greeted me, so many friendly hands shook mine, and so many lips spoke a kindly welcome to me. They all belong to friends whose names and addresses are unknown to me. This letter to you, Sir, is the only way I can say good-bye to your people, whom I found to be the kindest people in the world. To say through your columns "I thank you" is the only way in which I can make a small repayment for so much that they have given me.

I am leaving here soon. To me it seems to be the way home. Home—where I was with all my feeling, with all my memories, with every wish and thought. I dreamt how wonderful it would be and how happy I should be when the time came to return. But it is not so. My heart is heavy with the sadness of leaving something one loves.

I say thank you to all my friends whose names and addresses I do not know, but whom I know as the English people. Behind this short phrase "I thank you" is so much affection for you that I am unable to say good-bye; I say to you au revoir.

Yours, etc., Czechoslovak Officer.

*The Times*, October 19th, 1943.

An interim report issued to-day by the Civil Affairs Branch of Supreme Headquarters on the experience of two months' Allied Military Government in the areas of Germany already occupied does not indicate any marked desire on the part of German civilians so far encountered to act "like werwolves" in maintaining resistance to the Allied authorities. Rather there seems to be a general acceptance of Allied rule and even in some instances a certain readiness to co-operate with Allied officers in restoring order to civilian life.

"Reports dealing with the attitude of the civil population under Military Governments state that generally the inhabitants are behaving themselves and obeying orders," it is stated in the Civil Affairs summary issued to-day. "In some places they are giving valuable assistance to the burgermeisters and public officials. The care of refugees and displaced persons, fire-fighting and passive air defence work, the billeting of evacuees, and the repair of disrupted civilian services are some of the types of work being undertaken by local people, many of them volunteers."

Instances of the co-operation of German civilians mentioned by Civil Affairs include "good work by local doctors and their assistants in the medical care of inhabitants and refugees"; and an incident in a village called Manschau, where "the work of fire-fighting has been made easier because the inhabitants saved their fire-engine from destruction by hiding it in a wood while fighting for the area was still going on; when the Allied Military Government detachment moved in the local people brought the engine out of its hiding-place, and it is now ready for use."

*Manchester Guardian*, November 30th, 1944.

The exchange of astronomical research papers among scientists of the belligerent countries—interrupted when the United States entered the war—has been resumed by enlisting the aid of scientists in two neutral European countries—Sweden and Switzerland. Thus the exchange of information among the

various observatories of the world, essential to astronomical research, has not been brought to a full stop.

While the United States was still neutral, this exchange was carried out by a committee of the American Astronomical Society, with Professor Bart J. Bok, of Harvard, as chairman. Through this committee important papers from many United States, British and Canadian observatories were sent to scientists in Germany and German-occupied European lands, while papers from these countries were made available to British and American researchers. Losses in transit were small, and censorship difficulties negligible. The Royal Astronomical Society in England obtained permission from the British censors to send and receive material, and German and Italian astronomers received freely both British and American papers sent from Harvard. Similar arrangements are now being worked out with the American censors in regard to publications mailed under the auspices of the American committee.

When the United States entered the war, it became impossible to send astronomical data to Axis and Axis-occupied countries. However, it has now been arranged to reach European astronomers through Dr. Brunner of Zurich, Switzerland, and Dr. Lindblad in Sweden, who forward material to its destination. As long as these channels remain open this international exchange of valuable scientific information can continue.

*Worldover Press, June 3rd, 1942.*

Sir,—All biologists over the world will be much relieved to read of the safety of the aquarium in the Villa Nazionale at Naples. This is not because it is the finest aquarium in the world, but because it implies the continued existence of the great "Stazione Zoologica Internazionale," of which the aquarium is the small fraction open to the public.

For 70 years, with interruption for the last world war, nations and universities from Russia to California and from Norway to Spain have rented "tables" in the Zoological Station and sent series of biologists to make research which commonly forms for each the foundation of his life's work. There are other marine biological laboratories: at Plymouth that of the Marine Biological Association of the United Kingdom (of which I am now president); at Wood's Holl, the great American laboratory; in France Roscoff and Banyuls-sur-mer; with a score or so of less importance over the globe. But none of us rivals fully the combination of the rich Mediterranean fauna of Naples, in its surpassingly interesting surroundings, with the collaborating

assembly of biologists from all Europe and North America. I will endorse Professor Julian Huxley's description (*Spectator*, October 1, p. 331): "The Stazione Zoologica, the first great marine laboratory in the world, where I worked, and met Germans, Americans, Swiss, Italians, Dutchmen, Belgians, and Russians. A lovely place, with half the fauna of the Bay in its exhibition tanks and brilliant research work going on in the laboratories." Professor Goodrich at Oxford, Professor James Gray at Cambridge, and Sir Sidney Harmer, late Director of the Natural History Museum, may be named as three more of the more than a hundred British biologists who have gone out to Naples since its foundation to work at the Oxford, Cambridge or British Association tables in the Stazione.

The news that the fish are still swimming in the tanks of the Aquarium, with the news I have to-day that the Director (friend of us all) was still there in charge in August, gives grounds for hope that we may yet see in the Stazione again men of many tongues and more nations working side by side in the fraternity of a common endeavour to understand the living world that surrounds us.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant, G. P. Bidder.  
Cambridge, October 11.

*The Times*, October 14th, 1943.

## VII

### WAR GRAVES

· If these unnationed dead should rise  
Out of their dusty strife  
No hate or fear are in their eyes,  
Nor the blind cry for life:

Foeman and foeman, friend and friend,  
Bared of their sundering signs;  
Enfranchised where all frontiers end  
And where the world begins.

One in their nakedness, and one  
In knowledge of their birth:  
Earth for a country; and the sun  
A banner for the earth:

.. ..

One with the legions of the lost;  
And one with their return:  
We meet in every wind-blown ghost  
The brother whom we mourn

William Soutar, *But the Earth Abideth.*



Sir,—My husband is “up North” and I recently had a letter from him enclosing negatives and snaps of a grave in which three South African Air Force officers are buried.

He came across the grave in an old German camp, and was surprised at the trouble which they had taken with it. The headstone is formed with the wing-tip of a Messerschmitt machine, and in front of it is a cross bearing their names.

The first name was rather indistinct and could be taken for either Hall or Ham. The other two were Lieutenants Manner and Meadows.

My husband asked me if I could try and get in touch with the relatives of these three brave boys, and let them have copies of the photo.

(Mrs.) H. Vickery.  
*Johannesburg Sunday Times*, June 28th, 1942.

Berlin radio said on Saturday that the bodies of 50 British sailors had been washed ashore on the Channel Islands in the past few days. They were believed to have been killed, it added, when the British cruiser *Charybdis* and a torpedo-boat were sunk west of the Channel Islands on the night of October 22nd-23rd.

"They were buried with full military honours in cemeteries on Guernsey and Jersey," the report said. "A simple ceremony was carried out in the morning, attended by German officers and the British population of the islands. After the sermon a German naval officer spoke and honoured the dead, laying a wreath. A salvo was fired over the graves, and a detachment of German sailors filed past."

*The Times*, November 22nd, 1943.

On a windswept desolate grey shore at Srivna on Lake Malik near here stands a single-barred wooden cross which marks the grave of the first British dead on the Balkan front. On it, crudely written in already fading ink, is an Italian inscription: "Died November 14. Buried November 15, 1940. In Christ's peace sleep three British war aviators." Nothing else; no names, no details; but three other still simpler crosses made of broken willow branches stand above the rough grave in an open field.

*Daily Mail*, December 9th, 1940.

Military honours were given to a British airman killed in a parachute jump from a bomber near Lons-le-Saunier, in the Jura. A detachment of chasseurs marched up and presented arms at the grave side. The coffin was smothered in flowers and wreaths, one of which bore the words, "To a brave Tommy."

*Daily Express*, January 31st, 1942.

September 20th, 1939.—In the Saar village of Ottweiler yesterday the Germans buried with full military honours Lieutenant Louis Paul Dechanel, of the French Army. His father had been President of France. He was killed leading a detachment against Westwall. At his burial a German military band played *The Marseillaise*.

*Berlin Diary* by William Shirer.  
(Hamish Hamilton, 1941.)

Three German airmen who lost their lives when their bomber was brought down in an Essex town during Tuesday night's raid were buried in the town's cemetery yesterday. Full military honours were paid by officers and men of the R.A.F. and a firing party fired three volleys over the one large grave in which the three coffins covered with Nazi flags were interred. The Bishop of Chelmsford officiated. The Bishop's wife was one of the mourners. There was a wreath from the R.A.F. and another from girl telephonists of the A.F.S. stationed in the town inscribed "When duty calls all must obey."

*Manchester Guardian*, June 22nd, 1940.

Sir,—With reference to Sir Joseph Larmor's letter in *The Times* of to-day. In April the Imperial War Graves Commission, in full agreement with the Italian authorities, completed the placing of stone tablets in the British War Cemeteries on the Asiago Plateau, in Genoa, and in other Italian towns. These tablets bear the English and Italian inscriptions:

"The British Empire ever remembers  
together with her own fallen sons  
those of Italy  
who gave their lives  
in the Great War of 1914-1918."

"L'Impero Britannico sempre ricorda  
unitamente ai suoi figli caduti  
quelli d'Italia  
che hanno dato la loro vita  
nella grande guerra 1914-1918."

In May the Commission's Italian representative in Italy informed us that the competent Italian General was visiting the Asiago with him to arrange for the placing of tablets on the great Italian Memorial on the Plateau bearing a reciprocal tribute to the British dead.

Comment would now be out of place. Let the facts speak for themselves.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Fabian Ware,

War Graves Commission, 32, Grosvenor Gardens,  
S.W.1. June 19th.

*The Times*, June 21st, 1940.

My son serving in Italy makes the following reference to an R.A.F. grave in a village cemetery. This is what he says:

"In a small village close by here is an Italian cemetery, part of which has been taken over by Jerry, and in one corner of it is a beautifully tended grave, very simple, very neat and tidy, and about the only one receiving any regular care.

"Every evening, no matter what the weather, a couple of Italian women go to the grave, tidy up a bit and put fresh flowers in the vases.

"Nothing unusual there, you'll probably say, but the name on the cross is No. — Sgt.-Pilot Eric Wilson. Born 1921. Died 1943.

"The story they tell is that he was gunning shipping off the coast and was shot down by flak and crashed near the village.

"The Jerries gave him a real military funeral and all the rest, and ever since then this same Italian family has tended the grave. If you ask them why they do it they just shrug their shoulders in that expressive way that Italians have, and walk away.

"As far as I have been able to find out, I don't think the authorities know about it yet. I can't make head or tail of it myself. Queer people some of these Ities."

Manchester.

(Mrs.) F. Moore.

*News Chronicle*, December 20th, 1944



## VIII

### "LOVE YOUR ENEMIES"

Most merciful and loving Father,  
We beseech Thee most humbly, even with all our hearts,  
To pour out upon our enemies with bountiful hands whatsoever  
things Thou knowest may do them good.  
And chiefly a sound and uncorrupt mind,  
Where-through they may know Thee and love Thee in true  
charity and with their whole heart,  
And love us, Thy children, for Thy sake,  
Let not their first hating of us turn to their harm,  
Seeing that we cannot do them good for want of ability.  
Lord, we desire their amendment and our own.  
Separate them not from us by punishing them,  
But join and knot them to us by Thy favourable dealing with  
them.  
And, seeing we be all ordained to be citizens of the one ever  
lasting city,  
Let us begin to enter into that way here already by mutual love,  
Which may bring us right forth thither.

*An Elizabethan Prayer for Our Enemies* (Traditional).



Lindel Tsen, a Chinese bishop who has seen his country ravished, Chinese women raped by the Japanese soldiery, and Chinese children cruelly killed, is reported to have used these words recently at a church service in China: "Brothers in Christ, I exhort you now that you have had communion with our Saviour, keep steadfast in that communion. And, brethren, I exhort you at this time to bethink yourselves of the weeping women of Japan, mothers weeping for sons who will never return, wives for husbands who have gone for ever. I exhort you to bethink yourselves of the desolation and the grief of the orphaned children of Japan, orphaned in a cause in which the people of Japan have no heart."

*The Christian Pacifist*, December, 1940.

There comes into my mind the story of a German concentration camp. I must explain that the Day of Atonement is the most

holy day in the Jewish calendar ; on it an extreme of ritual purity and physical cleanliness is imposed, and any impurity or uncleanliness is considered by a pious Jew to be a grave sin. On a Day of Atonement before the war the S.S. men took a Jewish Rabbi in one of the concentration camps and whipped him ; then they led him out into the yard, where they had built up a pile of human excrement, and forced him knee-deep into it ; and they put his praying shawl on him and soiled the fringes of it, which are its most sacred part, with the dung ; and that for him was an outrage even worse than the pain and shame of the whipping. Then they said to him : " Now, Jew, preach to us on this Day of Atonement about the Jewish religion." It may be that he heard an echo of those other words, " Now prophesy," spoken two thousand years before to another Jewish Rabbi ; or it may be that he found in his own nature the strength to do what he did. For he said : " Meine Freunde "—my friends, to the S.S. men who had tormented him—" My friends, the fundamental principle of the Jewish religion, as of all the other great religions of the world is : Love thy neighbour as thyself." That man was a good Jew, a good Christian, and, best of all for our purposes, a good socialist.

*Shall Our Children Live or Die?* by  
Victor Gollancz. (Gollancz, 1942.) P. 64.

My mother, in dying as the result of an air raid, left a travelling scholarship at my old school that will enable several of the girls to go to Europe every year as soon as the war is over ! At the same time German children will be welcomed to this Welsh household every summer to meet *our* children and to see and hear about those enduring things of which Britain can be justly proud.

Only in this way can we hope that the children of the Reich and our children will not be led into making the same lamentable mistakes as their elders but *not* their betters.

(Mrs.) Clarissa Chubb, London, N.2.  
*News Chronicle*, July 5th, 1943.

The Abyssinians were publicly declared to be barbarians " indubitably and irremediably." This was when their case was being discussed by Mussolini, who objected to their inclusion by the League of Nations in the list of nations entitled to belong to the Assembly. Since then there has been a further light on the subject in question. The Emperor Haile Selassie, now returned

to his capital, Addis Ababa, has issued a manifesto in which were the following words which it is our pleasure to put on record for the use of any who still believe in the Christian virtue of forgiving one's enemy. Said the Emperor: "Let us, therefore, rejoice but in the Spirit of Christ. Do not reward evil for evil. Do not indulge in the untimely atrocities which the enemy, even in these last days, has been accustomed to practise against us. Do not shame Ethiopia by acts worthy of our enemies. I shall see that they are disarmed and given a safe passage to the place from which they came."

*The Christian Pacifist*, July, 1941.

They heard a woman scream. And, over the hedge, ten men working on a Scottish road saw a woman and her young son being attacked by a cow. They saw the woman tossed into the air.

Then one of the men ran to save her. Before he could reach the woman, the cow had thrown her twice more, and, as she lay on the ground, was trying to gore her. The man leapt for the cow's horns, but it threw him. He kicked it to draw the attack on to himself. And as it swung towards him he dodged, picked up the woman, and ran to the other men who had come to help him.

Last night, in a Scottish camp, the man was commended by the commandant for his bravery.

The camp was one for prisoners of war. The man, 23-year-old Giuseppe Bettile, of La Spezia, is an Italian captured in Tunisia.

*Daily Herald*, July 9th, 1943.

Surgeon Lieutenant Mario Constantino Lucchi, an Italian prisoner of war, was presented with a Royal Humane Society parchment yesterday for rescuing one of two lads whose canoe had capsized in the River Cam.

*The Times*, August 10th, 1943.

By 53 per cent. to 38 per cent., with 9 per cent. undecided, the people of Great Britain are in favour of reprisal bombing on Germany.

But people in heavily blitzed areas are noticeably less in favour of reprisal bombing than those in areas which have escaped the worst of the raids on this country.

These facts are revealed by the latest Gallup Survey, in which the question was asked: "Would you approve or disapprove

if the R.A.F. adopted a policy of bombing the civilian population of Germany? ”

The results over the whole country are as given above. But when the figures were analysed by areas significant differences appeared.

	Approve (per cent.)	Disapprove (per cent.)	Don't know (per cent.)
Inner London .....	45	47	8
Outer London and S.E.			
England .....	51	37	12
West Riding, Yorkshire ....	65	28	7
N. Riding, Cumberland, Westmorland, etc. ....	76	15	9
Glasgow and Clydeside ....	53	43	4
Midlands .....	49	40	11

It would seem that sentiment in favour of reprisals is almost in inverse ratio to the amount of bombing experienced.

*News Chronicle*, May 2nd, 1941.

Sir,—Many citizens of Coventry who have endured the full horror of an intense aerial bombardment would wish to dispute statements made in the *Daily Express* to the effect that all the people of Coventry expressed the opinion that they wished to bomb, and bomb harder, the peoples of Germany.

This is certainly not the view of *all* or even the majority of the people of Coventry. The general feeling is, we think, that of horror, and a desire that no other peoples shall suffer as they have done. Our impression is that most people feel the hopelessness of bombing the working classes of Germany, and very little satisfaction is attained by hearing that Hamburg is suffering in the same way as Coventry has suffered.

Margaret M. Evans.      Arthur Jones.      Evelyn J. A. Evans.  
J. D. Dugund.      N. M. Caine.      J. R. Sidgwick.  
“Hollycroft,” Fife Road, Coventry.

*The New Statesman & Nation*, November 30th, 1940.

The Yorkshire town of Selby has refused to accept a money-raising scheme in connection with the “Wings for Victory” week which involves having the public buy stamps and stick them on a bomb to be dropped on Germany.

At a meeting of the Selby Central Savings Committee, charged with the programme, Canon A. E. M. Glover, who was vicar of a Hull church when it was bombed, said: “I remember say-

ing, after a very bad night, 'I never want any German man, woman or child to go through what I have gone through.'” He maintained that the stamped bomb idea appealed to a spirit that is very questionable. The Committee accepted a suggestion that the same general idea might be utilized by having the stamps stuck on some instrument for saving life, such as a model ambulance aircraft.

*Worldover Press*, May 26th, 1943.

Gunner John Edward Bailey, R.A., of Walton Road, Woking, gave his life to save a child. The story is told in the Forces' newspaper, *The Crusader*, published in Italy, a copy of which has been sent to his wife.

“To the young Italian child,” says the report, “it was just a toy to be played with. She had picked it up near her home. To 34-year-old Gunner Bailey, L.A.A. Regt., it was a hand-grenade. He saw to his horror that the child was pulling out the pin. He flung himself towards her and grabbed the weapon, pulling it desperately from her clutching fingers.

“He was too late. The pin was already out.

“Bailey looked round hurriedly for somewhere to throw the grenade, but there were people all around him. . . . The grenade went off and Gunner Bailey's stomach acted as a blast wall. The children and the people around were saved, but Gunner Bailey was taken to hospital. He died later.”

Gunner Bailey leaves a widow and a five-year-old child.

*Evening Standard*, October 9th, 1944.

An R.A.F. Pilot whose plane made a crash landing on the Northumberland moors was dragged from the wreckage by Italian prisoners at great danger to their lives.

Now War Office and R.A.F. officials are puzzled as to how the heroism of these prisoners can be officially recognised.

“We have decided they deserve some reward,” a senior camp official said yesterday. “But for their action the plane would certainly have burst into flames and the airmen have been burned to death.

“Although they are our enemies they will get some recognition. We are investigating the matter to see how it can be done.”

*Daily Herald*, April 21st, 1943.

Sir,—After reading the letters in your paper of some very

narrow-minded people in Blackpool about the German wounded in the Victoria Hospital, I should like to tell you of my experience in a German hospital in France.

My plane was shot down after a bombing raid on France, and I had to bale out. I was injured in the chest, shoulder and left arm, and on landing broke my leg. I was taken to an emergency hospital for German wounded. They were all anti-aircraft gunners, and you can imagine how uncomfortable I felt lying among wounded soldiers whom our boys had shot up. However, nobody complained. Indeed, many offered me cigarettes and spoke in German to me.

Next to me there was a young blond German who was swathed in bandages from head to foot. He offered me a cigarette and spoke to me in English. His mother could speak English quite well, he said. She was coming at the end of the week, he said, adding: "So you can meet her."

She did come and I met her, but he died half an hour before she arrived. When she came she brought a parcel for him—a parcel which she gave to me. She brought me three more parcels of cigarettes and fruit before I was able to be moved to a prisoner-of-war camp hospital, and when I was going I thanked her for her kindness to me. She told me about her other son, a prisoner of war in England. "And perhaps," she said, "some kind English mother will be doing the same for him."

My mother would repay her kindness, I know, but she died before I returned.

*Blackpool.*

Yours, etc., Sergt.-Pilot.

*West Lancs Evening Gazette, October 4th, 1944.*

We saw how in Sicily our soldiers, tired, hungry and weary, and having to face the danger of mortal combat, shared their rations with the hungry children, and those the children of an enemy nation. We have been deeply moved recently by the account of how our wounded prisoners, coming back after years of captivity, when they left their port in Sweden have surrendered their packages of food and little comforts for their hungry friends in Occupied Norway. We saw a picture of those food packages and chocolate piled high upon the wharf, to be forwarded by the Swedish Red Cross to help the Norwegians. . . . The hearts of these men were touched. They represented the true Britain, and, surely we in the House of Commons must be willing to back them up.

Edmund Harvey, M.P., speaking in the House of Commons  
Debate on Greece and Belgium, November 10th, 1943.

Private William Edward Bishop, of the Worcestershire Regiment, a prisoner of war, has been drowned while rescuing a child in Germany.

*Sunday Express*, August 6th, 1944.

A Messerschmitt was shot down into the sea by an R.A.F. fighter off Folkestone. The Nazi pilot was saved from drowning by a Jewish soldier in the British Army, who plunged into the sea, swam three-quarters of a mile, and held up the airman until they were both picked up by a fishing-boat.

Quoted from the *Church Times* in the *Christian Pacifist*, November, 1940

A South of England Council last night declined to pass a resolution calling upon the Government to notify Germany that indiscriminate bombing would bring about retaliation in the complete destruction of German towns, cities and villages.

Only the proposer, an alderman, and his seconder voted for the resolution.

*News Chronicle*, July 19th, 1944.

Private Tommy Hazlewood, of Ellesmere Port, Cheshire, has been presented with a German decoration for saving a child's life during an R.A.F. raid on Germany.

Hazlewood, a prisoner of war, was ordered to Berlin to receive his award.

This news was brought by a repatriated prisoner, Private William Nigel Agnew, of Easton Road, Chester.

*Peace News*, June 9th, 1944

*Fifth Army, Sunday*.—German and Allied troops, fewer than 400 yards apart, joined in the same Easter service held by U.S. chaplains on the Garigliano front, Western Italy, to-day. Protestant and Roman Catholic services were broadcast to Germans within sight of the field altar, who held their fire.

Captain Oscar Reiboth, holding the Protestant service, read the Easter story in German and English. The men around him sang hymns from hymn sheets brought up on the mules.

Lieutenant Leo J. Crowley, of Syracuse, New York, celebrated High Mass. An address to the Germans said:

"A happy Easter. As an American chaplain, I greet Protestants and Catholics in the German Army. We have been

instructed since childhood to love all men, even our enemies. To-day is Easter Day—the day of Christ's triumph. Christ died and rose again for all men, for Germans and Americans alike. Therefore, I wish you also, on behalf of my soldiers, a happy Easter."—*Reuter*.

*Daily Express*, April 11th, 1944.

There is good camaraderie between the "Westerners" out here, and when the F.A.U. men are out on the road they stop if possible, at mission stations. One of their favourite places is that of the German sisters caring for a leper colony. They are carrying on their work, despite their nationality, and take in everyone, even the R.A.F.

John F. Rich, *The Friend* (Philadelphia, U.S.A.).  
(From an article by the representative of the American Friends Service Committee visiting India and China, on the Friends Ambulance Unit in China.)

*Stockholm, Tuesday*.—The Pope personally helped the Jewish community in Rome to pay a fine of 50 kilograms (110 lb.) of gold levied on them by the Germans, says a Budapest message to the Dagens Nyheter.

The Jews were able to collect only 42 kilograms of gold. The Pope made up the other 8 kilograms (roughly 18 lb.).—*B.U.P.*  
*Evening News*, October 19th, 1943

I had a really fine Easter Day, having eight communion services in the morning and in the afternoon a parade service covering a large area. During one of the communion services for the English troops at a prisoners of war camp, I noticed a crowd of about forty to fifty Germans standing in a group, very quietly and reverently, watching the service go on. After the service I asked the British officer in charge whether there were any German Protestants among the prisoners. He said that he would find out and 'phone me up at lunch time. He did so, and astonished me by telling me that eighty of them were asking for communion. I then arranged to hold a service for them at three o'clock that afternoon (Easter Sunday). The authorities allowed me to go into the camp where the Germans lived, alone, without any guard or other Englishman present. There I found a large tent full of Germans waiting for me (about 120 to 130 of them), and a tall, good-looking German N.C.O., who spoke



English perfectly, to act as interpreter. I got him to explain what the service was. He replied, "They know it, Sir." So I took the service, in English of course, getting the N.C.O. to explain in various parts of the service what the particular prayer was about. I got him to preface the prayer for the church militant with prayers for the brotherhood of man amongst all nations with Christ as our leader. I had a white communion cloth on the table, with a cross (a large one), and candlesticks (lighted candles). The Germans themselves had placed the table for me with a clean blanket to cover it. When I asked the German N.C.O. to get those to put up their hands who wanted to receive communion, almost the whole lot put up their hands. They came in twelves, and knelt to receive in a most orderly and reverent manner. None would touch the chalice, but all just raised their chins a little. One hundred and nine received communion. Then I told the N.C.O. that I was about to continue the service with the Lord's Prayer, saying that if they wished to say it themselves they could follow me as I said it in English. Everyone immediately stood to attention, and in very loud, deep voices recited our Lord's Prayer. It was a moving experience. I finished the service with the Blessing, and then I told the German N.C.O. that as a Christian brother I would like to shake them by the hand if they so wished. They all filed by me, stood stiffly to attention, bowed, shook hands and tried to say thank you. Some could speak English, and thanked me very much for giving them that service.

One German told me that he was a Christian missionary before the war, and was most grateful on his own behalf, and on behalf of his fellow Germans, for having the opportunity of making their Easter Communion. He spoke English perfectly. This morning I went up to the camp and gave him a New Testament and a small service prayer book. He said it was just what he wanted, not only for himself but so that he could have services amongst his friends. They all moved from here this afternoon.

*The Christian News Letter*, June 16th, 1943.

(Written to the Bishop of Truro by a correspondent who before the war was a well-known county cricketer and at the time of writing was a Chaplain in North Africa.)

Sir,—May I, as a sister of one of the shot Stalag prisoners, express my gratitude for the inspiring memorial service at St. Martin-in-the-Fields?

The hymn, "I vow to thee, my country," was fittingly chosen

as the last. We who are left behind must rededicate ourselves wholly to seeing that war shall never again blight civilisation. The causes of war are fundamentally in human nature ; wanting our own way, jealousy, greed, lust, domination, softness, complacency, pride. And if a lasting peace is to be made we must recognise and fight these war-making causes in ourselves first.

Unless " I pay the price " (as the hymn says) in daily battling against these things in myself, then the cause for which my brother and his companions paid the price will remain unfulfilled and I shall have let them down.

Oxfordshire.  
Yours faithfully,  
A Sister.  
*Daily Telegraph*, June 28th, 1944.

I don't know if it is the experience of all prisoners, but I think it very likely. It is this: one does not for a moment cease to hate those tyrannous forces we are fighting against. We have seen Fascism in power, and it is a damnable thing. But when one is in daily contact with the individual it is difficult to feel personal hostility. With the Italians, perhaps, that is not surprising. How can you feel hostile to a group of guards who ask you to hold their fish (and their rifles) while they get off the train to get you a cup of tea, and who then miss the train, leaving you to eat their fish and nurse their rifles?

And you cannot feel altogether hostile to a policeman who undresses in his office to show you his pretty uniform. Sometimes, it is true, the real Blackshirts come along, and then the atmosphere becomes severely impersonal. But that's rare. More often, I think, we have come to think of our gaolers as a group of individuals—Toni, Marco, Mario, Giuseppe—the simple-minded victims of a brutal system they have allowed to come to power. I don't know if it's good politics; but it happens.

An Australian Padre writing on his experiences as a prisoner of war in *The Listener*, July 22nd, 1943.

[The following is an extract from a letter received from an Austrian Jewish Socialist now in the British Pioneer Corps in the B.L.A. He is attached to a hospital receiving German wounded.

He reports that there was a lot of protest at first against the idea of Jewish refugees looking after Nazi wounded, and some

threats of revenge : but this soon subsided, and the men settled down to do the job like any other job, and their behaviour, with one or two minor exceptions, has been exemplary.

The writer of the letter might easily have succumbed to hatred of the Nazis. He was nine months in the concentration camps of Dachau and Buchenwald, and he was hung by the wrists to a tree and once nearly died of gangrene, Jews at that time not being allowed medical attention in concentration camps. He also has reason to believe that his old mother was taken to Poland two years ago.]

This is being written in the solitude of a ward in which I am guarding wrecked members of the *Herrenvolk*. It is so strange a situation that I can hardly describe what I am feeling. Loneliness is perhaps the only word for it. These are men who set out to conquer the world, and they and their kind have done unspeakable things to me and my kind, and I am supposed to hate them with all my strength, and would be right to do so according to recognised standards of human behaviour. But I cannot hate, or is it that in the face of suffering hatred is silent? So it happens that the guard is turned into a nurse, and if a man, from losing too much blood, goes out of his mind and stammers incoherently, I have to talk him to sleep again. And it sometimes happens that men try to hold my hand when I have helped them. That makes me feel lonely.

Only a few lines. It is midnight, and I am going off duty after having had a busy time with that man who lost so much blood that he went crackers. He had an operation and blood transfusion, and I was the only one able to talk to him. In the end he obeyed my orders instantly with "Jawohl, Herr Doktor!" Once he said "Sie sind so ein feiner Mensch"\* and then "Sie sind zu mir wie ein Vater."† What shall I make of that? I can only draw one conclusion, which is that I am a terribly bad soldier and I am somehow glad about it.

The man I wrote about has died. The doctors fought for his life as if he were a celebrity. I can only repeat that my respect for doctors has increased enormously.

*Left News*, November, 1944.

Many times in my travels as a prisoner I thought how much good remained even now in mankind. Sometimes I considered weaving an essay on human kindness around people who had befriended me in those crowded six months :

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\* "You are a good man!"

† "You are like a father to me."

The Cretans who tossed tangerines to us in Suda Bay.

The hard-faced German sergeant on the road to Benghazi who turned impulsively and gave me an unasked cigarette.

The Italian officer, finding me alone and sick, who removed his glove, shook my hand, and next day sent me his set of Shakespeare.

The captured Indians who spread a blanket for me to sit on the cold wall.

The Gestapo official who clucked with concern at my walking bareheaded in a snowstorm and got me hot coffee.

The Balkan Jew among the prisoners of the Gestapo in Berlin who whispered when he saw me dispirited: "Do not worry, Herr Amerikaner. Dey cannot do a t'ing to you, not a t'ing."

The British prisoners who shared their meagre food and their little luxuries with me when I was penniless.

The little Italian guide who wanted to show me seldom-seen treasures in Perugia and insisted on it even after I told him that I was an enemy and had no money, besides.

These and dozens of incidents like them.

*Behind Both Lines* by Harold Denny.  
(Michael Joseph, 1943.) Pp. 139-40.

A group of clergymen meeting last week in Chicago said: "In considering the treatment of a defeated Germany, we as religious leaders first affirm our confident hope that the victorious Allies will be guided by justice rather than by vengeance. We believe that a re-educated German people can in time become a worthy member of the family of mankind."

The clergymen asking justice for Germans were Jewish. The meeting: The Central Conference of American Rabbis.

*Time* (U.S.A.), January 1st, 1945.

## IX

### CHRISTIANITY SPEAKS

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.  
*Deuteronomy, 5, 11.*



Some have tried to save Him with a forged birth-certificate, and have said that He was not a Jew at all but an Aryan. . . . Others have taken up the cry: Then we must renounce Him, if He was a Jew, and the scene of the Gospel is re-enacted: They thrust Him out of the city. . . . And therefore I preach these Advent Sermons on the Old Testament and its fulfilment in Christianity.

We will not let His name be dishonoured. We will not let the oaks of Donar be planted in the place of the Cross.

Cardinal Faulhaber: Advent Addresses, 1933.

“From the tree-covered summits of the Harz mountains to the eternal snowfields of the Alps, far and wide rise the crosses towering over our German land. Their strong beams, anchored to the rocks by chains and rivets of steel, withstand from year to year the fury of wind and storm. One and all they speak the same silent words, whether or not they bear the image of the crucified; whether they stand in the valley or on the height, in forest or on meadow ground. Yes, the Cross is in our landscape. What, then, is its meaning, its message? A ‘monument of human enmity’ it has been called, for it represents the Cross on Golgotha, whereon He died whom Christendom calls the Lord of men. But the hands which bore these crosses to the mountain-top, the artist hand to which we owe our picture, they did their work in a more cheerful, uplifting faith. The head which once was crowned with thorns, the face which looks down upon mankind from the last scene of a frightful judicial murder, has overcome in a deeply mysterious way all human hate and terror, and become for us a face radiant with comfort and peace. Still the message of the Cross has sternness in it, too. Beneath one ancient cross in Southern Germany are carved the words: ‘Stand still, O man, and look on me, For here your own sore sin you see,

'That I 'upon the Cross must die.' The man who knows himself knows that the truth is uttered here. The drama of Jesus Christ was not ended with the verdict of an unjust Governor and the vengeance of an angry mob. In this affair of Jesus, you and I, all of us, had our share, and cannot rid ourselves of guilt. For the Cross of Christ is most assuredly the common sin of all mankind. But this is not the reason why these crosses rise on mountain top and upon cathedral spire. Faith knows a better reason. She extols the Cross because in it there is salvation, there is healing. She sings praises for the Love which once shed upon the world from its hill-top an unexampled, unimagined light which has never since faded away. More radiant than all the beauties of nature, grander than the grandest landscape, towering over the mightiest deed of history, stands out over the world the figure of the Crucified. For every dim yearning of nature, all the longing and searching of man after the eternal, remain frustrate and unanswered without Him. To the ears that can hear, mountain and sea proclaim 'God, Thou are great.' But the Cross's word of praise is 'thus has God loved the world.' Ever since He who was crowned with thorns has revealed to us the heart of God, there is come an assurance, a certainty, into the world, that neither death nor life, neither past nor present, neither height nor depth, can separate us from the Love of God."

The above is a translation of one section of *Ostergruss*, a booklet of Easter greetings sent this spring to German prisoners in British hands by a Committee of the German Evangelical Church over the signature of Bishop Heckel, the director of the office for the branches of the Church abroad. We believe that it was forwarded to all interned civilians (including thousands of seamen) and also to prisoners of war so far as they cared to receive it. The little book of 16 pages is beautifully produced, with five illustrations, words and articles descriptive of the resurrection of nature in the spring, of ploughing and sowing as parables of the spiritual life, the story of Luther's patience in captivity, confessions of Christian faith by an airman and a sailor, and other sections telling in the familiar language of our common Christianity what Christ has meant to mankind.

The surprising and remarkable fact about the whole production is that there appears in it no trace at all of the perverted Nazi idea of race-pride and nation-worship, nor any noticeable deviation from the central Christian tradition. And yet the body responsible for its publication is an organ, not of the uncompromising "Confessional" Christian, but of the State-controlled Protestant Church; and it could not have been issued without the full consent of the Nazi Government. It is possible

that the latter acquiesced in its Christian character in order to secure its acceptability to the British authorities, but in doing this they also acquiesced in sending from the Fatherland an impressive Christian message to many of their subjects living under conditions likely to render them exceptionally impressionable. In any case, the character and tone of the whole *Ostergruss* make it very difficult to distrust the sincerity of its "Evangelical" authors.

Stephen Hobhouse, *The Christian Pacifist*, August, 1941.

On July 13th (1941) Bishop Clemens August, Count von Galen, preached in St. Lambert's Church, Münster, Westphalia, a sermon from which the following extract is taken. The sermon followed the severe bombing of Münster by the R.A.F. After expressing his sympathy with those who had suffered in the raid and speaking of the religious moral to be drawn from the raids, the Bishop proceeded:

"I had intended to offer you a few meditations on that subject to-day. But now I must abandon this idea, for I see myself obliged to speak of another terrible happening which has befallen us at the end of a horrifying week.

"Münster had not yet recovered from the appalling devastation which the external enemy and military adversary has caused us, when, yesterday, at the end of this dreadful week, yesterday, on July 12th, 1941, the Secret State Police, the Gestapo, confiscated both Houses of the Society of Jesus in the city. . . . The same hard fate has overtaken the good sisters in Steinfurt Street. . . .

"And so we see that the assault upon monasteries which has been raging for some time already in Austria, in Southern Germany, in the recently acquired territories of Western Poland, Luxemburg, Lorraine and in other parts of the German Empire, has now been let loose on Westphalia. We must be prepared for the repetition of such terrible news in the next few days, when one monastery after the other will be seized by the Gestapo, and their inmates, our brothers and sisters, the children of our families, true German patriots, will be cast out into the streets like criminal slaves and harried out of the country like obnoxious vermin. . . . And why? We are told: for political reasons! Other reasons have not been stated. . . .

"For the last few weeks I have received no answer whatever to the protests which I sent to the Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs. But this much at least was learnt when I telephoned to the Gestapo. The reverend Canons are under no suspicion

or accusation of a criminal act. . . . And yet they are punished with exile! And why? Because *I*, their Bishop, did something displeasing to the Government. . . . Let them bring me before the courts if they think I have acted contrary to the law. . . . Every German citizen is utterly defenceless when confronted with the Gestapo. I repeat: utterly defenceless. Many of our fellow-citizens have experienced this personally during the last few years; for instance, our dear religious instructor, Friedrich, who is being held in prison without trial or sentence.

"No one of us is certain, even though he is conscious of being the truest, the most conscientious citizen, even though he knows that he is completely innocent—no one of us, I say, is certain that he will not one day be fetched out of his house, deprived of his liberty, and shut up in the dungeons and concentration camps of the Gestapo.

"I am well aware that this may happen to me, perhaps to-day, or on some future day. And it is because I shall then no longer be able to speak publicly that I will speak publicly to-day; I will openly warn them not to continue on this course, which I am firmly convinced will call down God's punishment on mankind and bring our country to misery and ruin. . . .

"The right to life, the right to inviolability and to liberty is an indispensable part of every moral social order. The State has, of course, the authority to restrict the rights of its citizens by way of punishment; but the State has this authority only as far as lawbreakers are concerned, whose guilt must be established by an impartial court of justice. Any State which oversteps this divinely imposed limit, and permits or causes the punishment of innocent men, undermines its own authority. . . .

"How many German citizens are languishing in police detention, in concentration camps; how many have been banished from their native places and yet have never been condemned by a public court of justice! How many, after being exonerated by the court, or after completing their term of punishment imposed by the court, have once more been seized by the Gestapo and kept under arrest! How many have been expelled from their native homes or from their place of work! I refrain from mentioning further names to-day. The name of an evangelical pastor, who in the last war risked his life for Germany as a German officer and submarine commander, and has been deprived of liberty for years now, is known to you all. We have the greatest respect for his courage and the bravery with which this noble German confesses to his Christian faith.



"From this example, you see, dear brethren, that what I am publicly demanding to-day is not something denominational or specifically Catholic, but, indeed, concerns all Christians; it is a fundamental human, national and religious right.

"Justice is the foundation of the Commonwealth. With the greatest anxiety we see and deplore that to-day this foundation is being shaken; that justice, a natural and Christian virtue, which is indispensable to the ordered condition of every human community, is not being granted and maintained for all men in a clearly recognisable fashion. It is not only because the rights of the Church, the rights of the human personality, are threatened, but also because we love our people and feel deep anxiety for our Fatherland, that we beg, we ask, yes, we demand: 'Justice.' Who would not fear for the stability of a house when he sees that its foundations are being undermined? . . .

"My episcopal office, which requires that I defend the moral order, the oath, which I have sworn before God and the representative of the Government, to prevent, as far as possible, all harm which may threaten the German State, forces me to utter a public warning of the deeds of the Gestapo.

"My brethren, people will perhaps reproach me with weakening the home front of the German people through using such frank language during the war. To that reproach I make the following reply: It is not I who am the cause of any weakening of the home front, but those who, disregarding the war, disregarding the external distress of the people, here, in Münster and at this time, at the end of a week of terror from fearful hostile air raids, impose hard penalties on innocent victims without a verdict of the courts or the possibility of defence. It is these men who destroy the security of the Reich when they punish our fellow-countrymen, our brothers and sisters, deprive them of their property, cast them out into the street and banish them from the country; it is they who undermine the sense of right; it is they who weaken the trust in our Government. And, therefore, I raise my voice in the name of the honest German nation, in the name of the majesty of law, in the interests of peace and the solidarity of the home front. Therefore, as a German, as an honourable citizen, as a representative of the Christian religion and as a Catholic Bishop, I cry aloud: We demand justice! If this cry remains unheard and unheeded, if the rule of royal justice is not restored our German nation and country will, despite the heroism of our soldiers and their glorious victories, perish from inner corruption.

"Let us pray for all those in distress, particularly for our exiled

monks and nuns, for our city of Münster, that God may spare us further trials. Let us pray for our German people, for Germany and its leader: Our Father Who are in Heaven . . ."

*The New Statesman and Nation*, November 1st, 1941.

Count Konrad von Preysing, Catholic Bishop of Berlin, has made another attack on Nazi rule. In a pastoral letter issued throughout Germany he protests against totalitarianism, the execution of hostages and the Jewish persecution.

"In the other world nobody, not even Germans, has rights or wrongs," he declared. "It is a Divine principle that the life of an innocent individual, whether an unborn child or an aged person, is sacred, and that the innocent shall not be punished with the guilty, or in place of the guilty. Neither the individual nor the community can create a law against this."

The pastoral letter was published yesterday in the Swedish weekly, *Trots Allt*.

*Daily Herald*, February 27th, 1943.

A pastoral letter by Cardinal Bertram, Archbishop of Breslau, dealing with religious education, according to Vatican Radio, says:

"Millions of Volksgenossen (members of the Nazi Party) are working to tear the Catholic faith out of the heart of Catholic Christians and to replace it by a philosophy claimed to be the only one consistent with true German character.

"Family life has a central position in these Catholic efforts."

*Evening Standard*, March 6th, 1943.

Love of one's neighbour is one of the chief Christian virtues; and includes love of one's enemies. Remember this to-day when all over the world so many voices are asking you to hate your enemies. You must fight to transform the red flame of hatred into the white flame of love for your neighbour.

The Archbishop of Cologne in a Pastoral Letter, broadcast by the Vatican Radio, and quoted in the *Evening News*, May 20th, 1943.

This is the text of a memorandum—astonishing in its frankness—which has been sent by the Roman Catholic bishops of Germany to the Reich Government, protesting against religious persecutions throughout Europe:

" Around Germany in all the occupied territories, a rampart of bitterness and enmity is being erected, which has arisen in large part because of the ruthless interference of the officers of the Nazi party and the civil administration with freedom of conscience and the religious life of the population.

" Such incisive, ruthlessly executed measures as, for example, the expulsion of approximately 50 per cent. of all pastoral priests from the diocese of Metz, the dissolution of all Church organisations in Alsace-Lorraine, and the confiscation of the property even of the charitable endowments, the seizure of the buildings of the Orders for men and women, or the expropriation of all the hospitals, boarding schools and homes for old people belonging to the Church, have struck the deeply religious Lorraine people in a most sensitive spot.

" Even worse is the hostile rejection of all Germans which has grown up in Luxemburg.

" The Luxemburgers have been alienated by the ruthlessly executed closing of the monasteries and the sharp measures for restricting the work of the clergy by the numerous banishments of priests and members of Orders, and by the placing of numerous respected Luxemburg citizens in concentration camps, which has frequently resulted in the death of the person placed there within a short time.

" Even more cheerless than in the West is the religious situation in the newly attached Eastern territories.

" With disgust and indignation numerous Reich Germans who have been settled there or have been sent there as officials report on the treatment of the local population by the administrative and police authorities.

" Except for a very few houses of God, all churches in the dioceses of Posen and Litzmannstadt have been withdrawn from use for worship and have been used for profane purposes or have been officially sealed. Some of them are warehouses.

" One church in Posen has been degraded to a riding school. A very large number of the churches have been robbed of their equipment for worship. The tabernacles have been broken open in many cases and the Most Holy Sacrament desecrated in the vilest way.

" Not even the churches of parishes of German race have been spared.

" In the territory of the diocese of Litzmannstadt, almost all crosses and images of saints on public roads and streets have been destroyed. All this can only be taken by the population as the expression of a senseless hatred directed against everything Christian.

"The proper care of souls is no longer possible in all the Warthegau. Almost all the Polish clergy of the dioceses of Posen and Litzmannstadt have been arrested and placed in concentration camps. This fate has been suffered even by those priests who stood up for the German population under Polish rule and had maintained divine worship in the German language for it.

"The religious situation is similar in the regions which have returned to the Reich after belonging to Yugoslavia for 20 years.

"On July 10th, 1941, all Church property was confiscated, even in so far as it was entailed under endowments. This treatment of the Slovenes, deeply believing and zealous in religion, has caused the enthusiasm for Germany that existed in 90 per cent. of the population, according to the judgment of persons acquainted with the country, to turn into hatred of the Germans.

"It is an experience that has been acquired at all periods in the history of the world, that nothing has a more irritating effect, nothing rouses stronger embitterment and more burning enmity, than when a conquering nation strives to take away his religion from the conquered.

"In deep anxiety for the good name and the welfare of the Fatherland, we beg the Government of the Reich to put a stop to the unrestricted anti-religious agitation of party officers and to the destructive measures against the Church and Christianity, which are unwise politically and arouse the scorn of all mankind."

*Sunday Express*, July 4th, 1943.

A warning that any departure from the principles of Christianity would end in bitter disappointment is made in a pastoral letter signed by the German Cardinals, Bertram of Breslau, Faulhaber of Munich, and Innitzer of Vienna, and 26 German archbishops and bishops attending the Fulda bishops' conference on August 19. The first part of the letter was broadcast by Vatican Radio last night. It was to have been read from all German Roman Catholic pulpits on August 29th.

"For the fourth time in this terrible war the German bishops kneel in prayer before the tomb of St. Boniface, venerated by the German people for the past 1,200 years as its apostle of faith," it said.

"Only ignorance or untruthfulness can dare assert that the introduction of Christianity was a misfortune for Germany. History more than 1,000 years old proves the contrary. On the basis of Christian faith and life the German people rose politically, economically, spiritually, and culturally to the top of the nations of the Occident. Even at times when faith was

less fervent and many sought their happiness in uncertainty, they were always returned to faith.

"All spiritual movements and worldly philosophies which deviated from the Christian faith have proved to be false doctrines and have ended in bitter disappointment. Only Christian faith and God's commands are the firm foundation on which truth, right and justice, freedom and peace, authority and obedience, worldly law and happiness, and community life can be set up.

"Return to your Lord'—this is the call of these terrible times."

*The Times*, September 8th, 1943.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, preaching yesterday evening at a service in St. Martin-in-the-Fields, said:

"It is most noteworthy that in all occupied countries the chief and most persistent resistance to the Nazi tyranny has come from the Churches. This can occasion no surprise to those who have reflected on the true character of Christianity and of National-Socialism. Respect for the freedom of the human mind and spirit is at the very heart of the Christian Gospel. So the news comes from every quarter—from Holland and Norway, from Denmark and Yugoslavia—telling of the courage of Church leaders and the heroic constancy of the Church. From Germany also the same news comes. And here let me acknowledge that I was misled when some nine months ago I said that the German Church had resisted only the curtailment of its own liberty, and not the oppression of other peoples; that impression was due to the fragmentary nature of the news which reaches us from Germany. But, in fact, Church leaders in Germany have shown a noble courage in upholding principles by which the German conduct in Poland or Czechoslovakia or elsewhere is evidently condemned, and we honour them for their fearless witness."

*The Times*, December 10th, 1943

Speaking on the Home Service of the B.B.C. on December 5th, 1944, the Bishop of Lichfield said:

"Look this morning at a question which two of His disciples once put to Our Lord. They were on their way to Jerusalem, and it so happened they were refused lodging or any kind of welcome at a Samaritan village where they had planned to make a short stay. The fiery James and John—'Sons of Thunder,' as Jesus nicknamed them—were scandalised at this, and thought

the surly villagers ought to be taught a lesson; 'Lord,' they cried out to the Master, 'wilt Thou that we command fire to come down from Heaven and consume them, as Elias did?' Note the answer. Jesus 'turned and rebuked them, and said, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of"—you don't understand the temper of mind which befits any who would join me and my mission. 'For,' he added, 'the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives but to save them.'

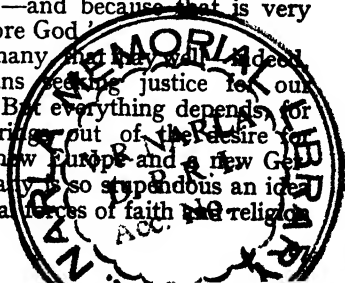
"What is to be done with evilly-minded people who deliberately reject the right and the good? How far should they be, or can they be, coerced, restrained, punished? That question has always knocked at the door of men's consciences, specially for those who have come to realise that God causes His sun to shine on both the just and the unjust, and have learnt that Christ died for all, good men and bad men alike.

"What—and obviously this is where the question presses to-day, and where the true answer is not easy to discern—what is to be the right treatment of Germany after the war? I speak as a Christian, and I assume that in seeking the answer our nation will pay at least some heed to its great Christian tradition. I may add that in these few minutes I can only just glance at what is a difficult and complex problem.

"If you take what Jesus said to His disciples on this occasion and keep it in the context of what the Bible as a whole has to say about justice and the righteousness of God, then two things become clear.

"First, justice is a right concern of the Christian: it is a part of the will of God that we should 'do justly'—and that entails conflict with injustice and the overthrow of lawlessness. Clearly, to act on that means the punishment of those guilty of injustice. But—and here the second thing becomes clear—the justice or righteousness you read of in the Bible, and which is part of the mind of our Lord, *always* looks beyond punishment to redemption: it is always deeply concerned with the final conversion of the wrong-doer. That is God's purpose with which we, as Christians, seek to be identified. Therefore, not only must we 'do justly,' but also 'love mercy'—and because that is very difficult we must 'walk humbly before God'.

"Applied to the treatment of Germany, that has well indeed it must—mean sternness. It means seeking justice for our friends as well as for our enemies. But everything depends, for the Christian, on whether that springs out of the desire for revenge or out of the desire for a new Europe and a new Germany. A change of heart in Germany is so stupendous an idea that nothing but the dynamic spiritual forces of faith and religion



are adequate to the task. Therefore, our eyes will eagerly look for the better and more creative and neighbourly elements, now submerged by fear and hatred, when they begin to appear after the war: for these we must encourage and foster if there is to be a new birth.

“I know it is difficult in the heat of this last savage stage of the conflict to look beyond its immediate end, much less to hope for a change of heart in our enemies: yet the Christian horizon is nothing less than the Kingdom of God and *His* righteousness.

“Of course, none of this will make sense unless, on the smaller scale of our own lives, we are practising the same virtue towards our personal enemies. So, when you feel you want to call down fire from heaven, to lose your temper, to rage and curse, remember the Lord’s words, ‘Vengeance is mine, I will repay.’ Remember also what Jesus said to those two hot-tempered disciples and realise afresh—if you call yourself a Christian—that your main business on all occasions and in all relationships, is to express the authentic spirit of Christ Himself: St. Paul summed it up when he told his converts in the plainest possible fashion that they were to be ‘Kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ’s sake has forgiven you.’”





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